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BRITAIN AND GERMANY

EXASPERATED by the failure of appeasement, the House of Commons gave general approval to the Government's decision to guarantee Poland. Mr. Greenwood asked careful questions designed to show that the Government was not excluding Russia. On this Mr. Chamberlain reassured the House. He left it clear, however, that there is at present no agreement with Russia and that our policy is an alliance with Poland and, perhaps, Rumania. This does not sound impressive, and Mr. Lloyd George pointed out the perilous nature of this commitment in the absence of the fullest understanding with Russia which alone can help Poland directly. As it stands, the Poles refuse either to allow Russian troops on their soil or to yield an inch of territory. But the Czechs said the same thing in May, 1938, and Colonel Beck, now conferring with Mr. Chamberlain, may not be as unbending on such a matter as Danzig as Polish public opinion seems now to be. He knows from the temper of the House of Commons that there can be no public pressure for another Munich from this side.

The defence of this dangerous commitment is that Germany is not believed yet to be ready for world war and that an immediate step was necessary to stop a German coup in Poland. British initiative of this bold character may, perhaps, serve to rally in Europe forces and countries which in six months' time might be wholly at Hitler's disposal. Austria is still a liability to the Reich and Czechoslovakia will be difficult to hold down in the event of war. We must also take account of the duress under which the German people live and of the fear of war amongst them. If Germany begins a war to-day her internal position, as well as her strategic advantages, will be those of 1917 not of 1914. On the other hand, Italy and Japan and Franco's Spain must all be counted her allies; the British and French command of the seas, at least in the Mediterranean, is now highly precarious; a British blockade would be far less effective than before, and no one knows how far the development of air power would be a decisive factor. The war would extend to all the world and no one can prophesy its course or outcome. Fortunately, Hitler is also aware of that.

The Führer's reaction is that which might have been expected. Relying on Mr. Chamberlain's admission after Munich that we must accept Eastern Europe as an area of peculiar German influence, he had expected no such British *volte-face*. His speech at Wilhelmshaven showed that he feels, as Mussolini felt in 1935, that he is attacked

by those whom he believed that he had successfully neutralised. He declares that Britain is again attempting to encircle Germany, and the German press, pouring out venom against Britain, warns us that Hitler will not wait to be encircled. What does this mean? If Hitler is ready for war he may risk all; if his ancient cunning persists he may prefer to continue pressure upon Poland and utilise the Hungarians or Bulgarians to complete the Fascist hold on Rumania. Or he may make his next move towards the Mediterranean. German officers and Gestapo have recently joined the Italians in Libya, while fresh Italian soldiers and German experts are reported to have gone to Spain. Mussolini has taken precautionary measures in Albania, and it is noticeable that the grand manoeuvres announced by the Duce are planned to reach their climax on August 4th.

Mr. Hudson's Talks

Mr. Hudson, having talked in Moscow and in Warsaw, has been talking this week and last in Scandinavia. The burden of his song has been that Great Britain is easily the best customer of the Scandinavian exporters, but that Scandinavian countries do not show a corresponding readiness to take British goods in exchange. In the case of coal, indeed, they are tied down by the Runciman trade agreements; but there is no similar pact covering manufactures and, in practice, the Germans have been making inroads into British markets in Scandinavia as well as in Eastern and Southern Europe by entering into barter agreements which require that their goods shall be taken in exchange for what they import. Mr. Hudson has been saying that, though Great Britain is very reluctant to resort to similar methods, which involve control of foreign exchange, the Scandinavians and the others whom he has visited cannot expect to go on finding Great Britain their largest market unless they are prepared to take more British exports. Provided that there is no attempt to insist on parity, which is unworkable, Mr. Hudson may claim that his terms are fair. But price and good sales methods are of the essence of the matter. As long as the Germans are prepared to subsidise "barter" exports, importing countries will be naturally reluctant to forgo bargain deals. Moreover, it is of fundamental importance that we should do all we can to strengthen our economic relations with those countries to which we look for political friendship; and this means that we must provide a market for their peasants.

Economics of Conquest

The decision of the Nazi Government to pay for 40 per cent. of all Government orders by means of State tax-receipts is extremely ominous. Coupled, as it is, with the discontinuance of the issue of long-term loans, it means that Herr Hitler's financial advisers have decided, regardless of the consequences, to spend both the actual and the future income of the State upon immediate armaments. Except upon one condition, this policy must end in the wildest inflation. A country can only afford to see its working capital disappear if it can be assured in the near future of acquiring territory rich in currency, in idle capital equipment and in labour. So far Hitler's conquests have yielded him some foreign exchange, but they have not materially improved his financial position; and the acquisition of new undeveloped areas, such as Poland and Rumania, will be of little profit. Such areas need enormous capital investment before they give any return, and capital is just what the Nazis lack. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Nazi financial experts have decided to risk the danger of inflation, because they are confident that it will soon be removed by the co-operation, either willing or under duress, of the Western democracies. Grant that Western resources are soon to become available to them, and their present "recklessness" becomes perfectly intelligible.

Japan's New Basis

While Parliament fixes its startled gaze on the German effort at "world-domination," the Far-Eastern partner of the Axis has taken two practical, if minor steps in the same direction. The first was the occupation by Japan, contrary to the most explicit undertakings, of the big Chinese island of Hainan, which had been demilitarised under a French guarantee. It is, of course, a strategical key to the coastal areas of South-Western China. Since France was content with a mild verbal protest, Japan has now taken over three archipelagos, the Paracel, Spratley and Swallow islands, which line the main sea-road that leads from Singapore to Hong Kong. These islands have a negligible economic value and most of them are mere uninhabited reefs. But it is believed that some of them could be converted into serviceable bases for submarines and hydroplanes. Small though they may be, they are a great deal bigger than any floating mother-ship. The answer that they are much nearer to Singapore than to any point of Japanese territory does not comfort us. For where does Japanese territory end and begin? In a military sense it includes at present virtually the whole coast of China. Plainly Mr. Litvinoff's tactics in dealing with Japan are very much sounder than M. Bonnet's. By refusing to yield to threats of direct action in the long-drawn out fisheries dispute, he has induced the Japanese to accept a much smaller fishing area and to pay 10 per cent. more for it under nothing better than a yearly tenure.

Franco's Justice

In view of the fact that the British recognition of Franco was supposed to be dependent on his assurances that there would be no reprisals at the conclusion of the war, it is instructive to observe that tribunals are already being set up under the "Law of Political Responsibilities" which was promulgated on February 9th. This remarkable law applies retrospectively to all members of political parties, all who have held office under the Republican Government, all who *voted* for the Basque, Catalan or Popular Front organisations, all who opposed General Franco in any way, and all directors and managers of firms which assisted the Republican Government. Since we are assured that there are to be no reprisals, we must conclude that half the Spanish population (including the 84 per cent. of the Basques who voted for the Statute of Autonomy) are "criminals." There is no doubt of Franco's intentions. The new tribunals are not courts of law, but "chekas" with no independence, which are urged to interpret the law with the widest discretion, and empowered to sentence the guilty to imprisonment up to fifteen years, to deprivation of office and total forfeiture of property. Sentence may be pronounced on dead men

and carried out on their property. This law, if carried out in the spirit in which it was conceived, will expropriate and imprison one-half of Spain and make jailers of the other.

A French "Taff Vale"

The Civil Tribunal of Paris has recorded a decision which, if it is confirmed in a higher court, may go down to history as the French equivalent of "Taff Vale." The case arose out of the stay-in strike at the Renault works in April of last year, when the workers "occupied" the factory. The court held that the occupation was a violation of the rights of property, and that the company was entitled to damages. It ruled that the strike had been instigated by the Union Syndicate des Ouvriers Métallurgiques de la Région Parisienne, and that the Union and its secretary provisionally were liable. Three experts were appointed to assess the damages, including those arising out of loss of business and wages paid to employees who did not take part in the strike. French Trade Unions have as a rule very much smaller funds than Trade Unions here; and as each local body is a separate unit the problem of damages need not affect the funds of the other locals. But clearly, if the judgment is upheld in this case, the same principle may be applied not only to other stay-in strikes but, as it was in the Taff Vale case, to strike action of the ordinary kind as well. If that happens, French Trade Unionism will be involved in a legal struggle as momentous as that which arose out of the Taff Vale case in Great Britain.

The Belgian Elections

The outstanding feature in the results of the General Election in Belgium is the salutary rebuff administered at the polls to M. Degrelle and his turbulent Fascist faction. In the Chamber the Rexist group is reduced from 21 to 4, and it has lost 7 out of 8 seats previously held in the Senate. In Eupen and Malmédy, despite an intensive campaign by the German Heimattreue Party, the pro-Belgian candidates obtained 55 per cent. of the votes and all the seats. The Flemish Nationalists, who gained on balance one seat in the Chamber and lost one in the Senate, did less well than expected. The main swing of opinion discernible was in favour of the Catholic and Liberal Parties, who each gained 10 seats in the Chamber. If the Socialists, who lost six seats, now decide—as seems possible—to go into Opposition, a Catholic-Liberal coalition would command 106 out of 202 seats in the Chamber—a narrow, but probably adequate, working majority. The resignation of Dr. Martens from the Flemish Academy has solved one thorny problem for the next Government; and, if the two largest parties can agree on the monetary and economic measures needed to arrest the fatal progress of deflation in Belgium, the country may reasonably hope for a period of stable government after the long parliamentary deadlock.

Denmark Polls

With the exception that the Nazi Party has entered Parliament with the capture of three seats, the Danish General Election has not produced any sensational changes. The Government coalition, Social-Democrats and Radicals, holds 68, as compared with 72, seats; the Conservative representation is unaltered at 26; the "Liberal Farmers" (30) have scored two gains; and the Communist group has risen in numbers from two to three. The Government is thus secure; but it remains to be seen whether its foreign policy will be as firm as heretofore in dealings with the Axis. The Radicals, under Dr. Munch—who bears a certain resemblance in politics to M. Bonnet—retain 14 seats in the coalition, whereas the four seats by which its strength is reduced are a loss to the Social-Democrats. That German pressure on North Schleswig is likely to increase may be inferred from the fact that Field-Marshal Göring's newspaper, the *National Zeitung*, has begun to give space again to accusations that the German population in the area is being treated with "harshness"—an allegation absurdly discrepant from the facts—and that "cowardly attacks" by anti-Fascists are taking place.

More Employment—Up to the Crisis

The March unemployment figures, which represent the state of employment just before Hitler marched on Prague and therefore do not reflect the consequences of the latest crisis, show a remarkable improvement on the previous month. Much the largest contributor to this improvement is the building industry, which has not, however, got back to the activity of a year ago. There are also considerable seasonal improvements in agriculture and in public works contracting; and in general the rise in employment is well distributed over the great majority of trades. Only shipbuilding shows more out of work than a month ago; and in that case the new subsidies are likely soon to produce a favourable effect. In most occupations the recorded increases in the numbers at work are not very large; but they exceed the normal seasonal rises for this time of year. They do not seem to depend much directly on rearmament. The metal industries have not gone ahead farther than others. But, of course, the increased amount of expenditure produces indirectly a diffused effect on the general level of demand. It looked as if, till Hitler took Prague, there were a real upward tendency; for there were about 180,000 more persons in employment in mid-March this year than a year previously. Whether the renewed political crisis has caused a setback will not be clear until the April figures come out in a month's time.

A.R.P. Delays.

The new Civil Defence Bill was moved by Sir John Anderson on Tuesday night. Its praiseworthy proposals, as Mr. Morrison observed, have come years too late, and it is shocking that the Government should have delayed so long before imposing upon the employer the duty of providing safety for his workpeople. Only after Easter will the code indicating the most suitable type of blast-proof shelter be ready, and even then it is doubtful whether employers can complete the work by September, as they must if they are to qualify for grant. As regards deep shelters, Sir John still refuses to commit himself to any comprehensive policy, though he has now promised grants to Councils willing to *convert* underground car parks. The Finsbury scheme has been in the hands of Home Office experts for almost as long as it took Tecton to produce it; but Sir John Anderson still finds it "so novel, almost revolutionary," that he hesitates to apply their principles even in specially dangerous areas. He has refused grants to boroughs anxious to carry out surveys along similar lines.

THE NEW POLICY

THE sudden reversal of Mr. Chamberlain's foreign policy has been welcomed throughout the country. Those who believe that the ideals of the League failed, not because of their intrinsic defects, but through the sabotage of the British and French Governments, listen with a grim smile to Mr. Chamberlain acclaiming at this eleventh hour the policy which he himself described as "Midsummer Madness," while the "realists," who cared nothing for the attempt to build a world government, welcome the change as a last desperate effort to find protection against the Nazi advance. Never since the war has a Premier received such general support as that accorded to Mr. Chamberlain when he gave his unexpected pledge to Poland. Forgetting the fiasco of Sir Samuel Hoare's brave words at Geneva and the ghastly game of non-intervention, the public is giving one more chance to a Government whose vacillation might have been expected to bring it universal discredit. National unity is the instinctive reaction to outside danger.

It is questionable whether the public, which so gladly greeted our pledge to Poland, is fully aware of the dangers involved in this interim policy of "mutual aid." It is a strange proceeding to sacrifice Spain and Czechoslovakia and then, with only France as an ally, to embark on the more dangerous task of defending the vital interests of Poland whose territory cuts East Prussia from the Reich. After Munich we urged in this journal that the breathing space gained must be utilised with the utmost energy: that we should ensure our security in the Mediterranean by preventing the Fascist occupation of Spain, and while taking every precaution of home defence prepare to assume the leadership of the democratic forces everywhere by cultivating the friendship of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. and giving economic support to those whom the Nazis seek to buy. On that basis, with a free Spain and the Mediterranean within their control, Britain and France might, we held, begin to rebuild a League system. If they took the initiative in offering an international settlement of the colonial issue, they might even have destroyed Hitler's capacity to persuade his people that the demoplutocracies are encircling Germany and merely holding on to the ill-gotten gains of the past.

None of these things has been done. The six months' breathing space has been wasted and more than wasted. Spain has been thrown to the wolves and Hitler has taken the opportunity of annexing the rest of Czechoslovakia which contains, amongst its other assets, the arms and munitions factories of Skoda on which the armaments of Poland and the Balkan countries largely depend. Strategically, Poland is in a difficult situation. Now that her common frontier with Germany has been prolonged by the occupation of Czechoslovakia and her other communications threatened by the Nazi occupation of Memel, the only country in a position to give her direct aid is the U.S.S.R. Our pledge of support can only mean that we ourselves must take the offensive against Germany if Hitler attacks Poland. Therefore, as Mr. Lloyd George told the House of Commons, without the full support of Russia a commitment to Poland may be no better than a trap. Both Lord Halifax and Mr. Chamberlain have stated that they have no ideological objection to an alliance with the U.S.S.R. and conversations with a view to getting an indirect Russian guarantee of our guarantee are said to be in progress. But Mr. Lloyd George was clearly right in saying that a promise of full Russian aid should have been made the essential preliminary to any guarantee in Eastern Europe. If it is true that the objection to the Russian alliance comes not from France and Britain, but solely from Poland, then we should have told Colonel Beck that acceptance of Russian co-operation was the only condition on which our guarantee would be given. The dangers of this interim pledge must be very clear to Colonel Beck and Mr. Chamberlain; so much so that it is natural to assume, as the *Times* has assumed, that the pledge was given with the intention of strengthening Poland in a negotiation with Germany rather than of actually guaranteeing Danzig or the Corridor. Stalin, as the Russian press shows, made the same deduction.

In their natural welcome to the Government's change of front, the Labour Party have gone very far in its support of Mr. Chamberlain. No one yet knows what he is up to: he may still be hoping to detach Mussolini and Franco from the Axis and, like Schuschnigg, trying to build up an opposition to the Nazis after excluding those forces which he himself fears, but which would be our only genuine defence. In these circumstances it is particularly important for the Opposition to keep its hands free. It must, therefore, at all costs be on its guard against the old confidence trick by which its mouth is shut by private consultation. This would be even worse than to join the Chamberlain Government. If the Labour Party were to join the Government there would arise a new Opposition which, however small, would inherit its functions. But if it is half in the Government and half out, with an ambiguous status of semi-commitment, it will turn into a sham Opposition, useless itself but effective in preventing a real Opposition from coming to birth.

The Labour Party should, then, even if it gives Mr. Chamberlain conditional support upon certain points, keep itself completely free to oppose, to question, and to state its own policy. During the last war, its failure to keep this freedom was calamitous; for it left the case for sanity to be stated only by a handful of men who were dubbed as pacifists and usually ignored. Even while war is actually being waged, a strong Opposition party is an asset, as a check upon the tyranny of authority and the hysteria of the masses. To-day, when we are only preparing for a war we still hope to avoid, a strong Opposition is indispensable.

The Opposition, however, is called upon to construct as well as to criticise. They must stress the fundamental point that if Fascism is to be defeated it must be by anti-Fascists, by propaganda as much as by bullets and by economic as much as by military organisation. Hitler's strength, when he threatens the Rumanian or the Polish Government, is economic as well as military. He comes to the Rumanian or the Polish peasant offering to do a deal—to buy the peasants' produce in exchange for German exports of manufactures and capital goods. These goods may be shoddy, or not what the Rumanian townsmen want; but the peasants look to getting paid in money, and often at higher prices and with a more assured market than they can find elsewhere. Who else will buy their produce, if Germany does not buy? The trade drive paves the way for the army and the Gestapo. A

British trade delegation which visits Bucharest only to do a deal in Rumanian oil is playing into the hands of the Iron Guard. The political aim of British economic policy should be not merely to secure—as Mr. Hudson has tried to do—further advantages for British exporters, but equally to seek means whereby the British market can be used to solve the agrarian problems of countries otherwise vulnerable to Nazi propaganda.

It may be answered that the Labour Party is already saying all this. But is it? If it is, it has not made the country feel that it is. The question one hears asked continually about the Labour Party is how long it will be before it either joins the Government, or allows itself to be muzzled by the offer of a special "consultative" position. This question may rest on a misunderstanding; in the present situation the Opposition cannot afford to be misunderstood. It needs to be above suspicion. It has great resources at its command, if it will only use them by speaking out plainly to the people, and calling insistently both for full collaboration with the Soviet Union—on which alone a successful peace alliance can be built—and for real economic as well as political co-operation. Let us remember with the experience of the last war and the last peace behind us that wars may be prevented, won and lost by economic and ideological factors and that, once the soldiers are in charge and the voice of criticism stilled the ideals for which men are willing to lay down their lives are the first casualties of the battlefield. Our enemy is Fascism, not the German people.

BUKOVINA RAILWAY

[The author of this article has recently spent four months on the Russo-Roumanian frontier.]

THROUGH the good offices of a crisis-scared Cabinet the U.S.S.R. has again achieved the dubious honour of being featured in Fleet Street's headlines. But while "premature" proposals and belated counter-proposals have been reported almost with bated breath, the Authorities, or just ignorance of facts, has prevented us from seeing one of the key pieces to the jigsaw. In short, Stalin has already made a tangible, military contribution to the strengthening of Rumania's vulnerable north-west frontier which the Allies might find of inestimable value should the U.S.S.R. ever decide to move.

Throughout last year a feverish, and successful, attempt was made to link the Soviet Ukraine with what used to be Czechoslovakia, by means of the heavily guarded secret 200-mile Bukovina Railway, which runs round the Carpathians in North Rumania to join up with the eastern tip of Ruthenia.

For all Carol's avowed distrust of Moscow, the line was built with his express permission, together with Czech and French capital, and brand-new Russian material throughout. The original purpose was to bring Soviet troops to the aid of Czechoslovakia against Hitler, had Russia decided to intervene. Munich came before the line was completely finished, but now, the link has been established, it is understood that the railway terminus on the Ruthenian border would quite possibly be used by the U.S.S.R. as a spearhead to protect Rumania's north-west frontier should Hitler attempt a further *putsch* in this direction. The Rumanian Carpathians are the natural line of defence for south-west Russia, and Russia's acumen in appreciating this point in such a practical way is proved and vindicated by the fact that to-day the Tsarist flag, among others, has already been planted in the lee of the Ruthenian Carpathians.

At first single-track, the vital Bukovina line is being extended to four tracks wherever practicable (mostly on the broad plain east of Campulung), and runs from Tiraspol to join up at Campulung, in Bukovina, North Rumania. Retractable wheels would enable the Russian rolling stock to take the narrower Rumanian gauge, avoiding detraining delay. From Campulung an entirely new 60-mile line has been built to circumvent the wildly mountainous Carpathians by way of Poiana-Stampei to Borşa, and then on to Sighet, where the line crosses to Ruthenia some forty miles east of Chust.

But from Valea Vişeului (fifteen miles east of Sighet, and still in Rumania) there is a branch line, known as the Korosmezo Railway, which would carry great strategic weight in Carpathian warfare as it runs along a valley northwards through Ruthenia to join up with South Poland via the Jablonica Pass, over which the Huns and Tartars first poured into Central Europe. The shell-shattered mountainsides of this sector still bear eloquent witness to the desperate fighting between Hungary and the Ukraine 21 years ago. Count Csaky, the Hungarian Foreign Minister, recently put critical Rumanian-Hungarian relations into a nutshell by stating that Rumania "suggested that she would be satisfied if the strip along the frontier, *including the Korosmezo Railway* (author's italics), were ceded to her. I explained to the Rumanian Government . . . that it would be impossible to cede portions of this autonomous territory (Ruthenia) to any other country . . . any unprovoked attack upon Hungarian troops would mean war." The significance of these manoeuvres is borne out by the fact that though the Bukovina Railway is of great importance in itself, its importance would be enhanced if the Korosmezo branch lay in friendly hands.

The moves behind the Bukovina Railway proper have been building up unknown to the outside world for the past three-and-a-half years. It is understood that secret negotiations between M. Titulescu, when he was Foreign Minister in Bucharest, and Moscow resulted in the patching up of the Bessarabian grievance as a preliminary step to a fuller understanding between the two nations. In October 1935 the Tiraspol Bridge over the Dniester, partly destroyed in the Bessarabian troubles of 1919, was repaired, and both standard and broad-gauge railway lines laid across, pending Russia's decision to fit part of her rolling stock with retractable wheels.

This bridge represented the only physical link between Rumania and the U.S.S.R.

In February 1937 a £3 million loan was floated, chiefly aided by French and Czech capital, to "link up necessary railways in the Bukovina." It was of course completely denied that the move was for strategic purposes, but whereas hitherto chiefly German rails had been employed in constructing Rumania's central lines, the news escaped from unimpeachable sources that all the new material was of Soviet origin.

Just prior to Munich it was reported that four thousand extra workers were frantically completing the last ten mile stretch near the Ruthenian frontier while Rumanian planes and soldiers guarded the zone. The line has now been completed, and is ready for speedy mass troop transit should Russia ever decide the situation warranted her intervention.

Since Russia's Munich rebuff, and the lukewarm shoulder turned to her more recently, Moscow has tended to follow a naturally careful foreign policy. Only four weeks ago Stalin told the world that "one may believe the Germans were given Czechoslovakia as a price for a promise to begin war against the U.S.S.R. But the Germans now refuse to foot the bill," indicating that Russia would not exhaust herself while the Democracies looked on. It is not insignificant that the Soviet Ambassador did not join the diplomatic exodus from Berlin. And now she denies promises of munition support to Poland coupled with a raw material boycott of Germany.

But against this must be set Stalin's "we favour supporting peoples who are victims of aggression," and his mysterious reference, when recounting the increasing war preparedness of the Red army and fleet since Munich, that "other steps" had also been taken. It is worth while remembering the extremely cordial telegrams exchanged last year between M. Litvinov and the Rumanian Foreign Minister, the concrete presence of the vital Bukovina Railway and the latest reports of Russians massing along the Dniester. Informed Soviet circles have consistently reiterated that Moscow fully supports Collective Security, but is scared of British insincerity leaving her with the baby.

While Carol has done his best to make the Democracies show their hand, with debatable results to date, it is obvious that Stalin will make doubly and trebly sure of a joint committal from the Allies before he promises readiness to throw his tremendous strength into protecting the Carpathians. Despite Count Csaky's isolated Korosmezo *coup*, Moscow, almost impregnably safe herself, holds the trump card in this all-important south-eastern sector, and one can rest assured that it will not be played prematurely. This statement is borne out in every detail by the diplomatic interplay between Moscow and London ever since March 18th. Under the circumstances, it becomes easy to explain such "paradoxes" as that of Moscow's increasing proclamations that the German threat is directed against the Western democracies, the nearer Hitler's frontier approaches the Dniester.

It is insufficiently realised how extremely important are the wildly mountainous Carpathians, and always have been, in C. European strategy. Under varying names they stretch in a huge irregular horseshoe from the comparative foothills of Sudetenland, along South Poland, and through North Rumania past Bucharest, into Yugoslavia. When Hitler crossed them last October there was nearly war; he has to cross them again in a south-east or easterly direction, and this time probably face a knife-edge of implacable hostility, in order to make Rumania his own, or even approach the Soviet Ukraine.

Stalin once said: "I am not interested in Russia, only in the world"; it remains to be seen whether he considers this is the moment to try to stiffen the backbone of the Democracies. For one thing is clear. Any attempt to defend Rumania by bringing her into an alliance of Poland, England and France, with Russia excluded, is strategically impossible. Without the most active Russian cooperation she must yield either to German forces or to German pressure executed through Hungary and Bulgaria.

PHILIP H. SAINT

AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

THE jumbled state of American public opinion in regard to foreign affairs is suggested by the following facts. First, the President and the Department of State are trying to secure an amendment to the Neutrality Act so that the United States can export munitions as well as food to "good" belligerents, while refusing to sell anything at all to "bad" belligerents. The President, with such advice as he chooses to take from the State Department, is to decide who is good and who is bad.

Second, a powerful movement is on foot in the Senate—led by Robert La Follette—to revive the Ludlow amendment to the Constitution. This amendment would provide that Congress cannot declare war without a popular referendum, except in the case of a direct attack on one of the American continents. The friends of this amendment believe it is the best protection for American isolationism, since it would prevent the Executive branch of the government from developing a "strong" foreign policy. Obviously, if the administration does not have the power to declare war, or at least to give special help to the "good" nations, it cannot exert much influence in the councils of Europe. And according to the isolationist Senators, the less influence America exerts in Europe the less likely she is to find herself at war in Europe.

In trying to understand this split between the Executive and the Legislature, it is worth remembering that the Executive has the more accurate knowledge of what is happening in the world, whereas the Legislature has the more accurate knowledge of what is happening in the United States. Every day in the year information about world affairs pours into the State Department. And every day in the year the politicians in Congress are sampling the opinions of the American people. The two policies probably represent sensible responses to the two sets of facts.

If nothing but the state of the world were to be considered, it might be wise for America to have a strong foreign policy. If nothing but the state of her own public opinion were to be considered, it would certainly be democratic for America to have a weak foreign policy. Since both these sets of facts have to be considered simultaneously, it is possible that for a time America will have no definable foreign policy. For example, if the President gets his way about repealing the Neutrality Act, and the Senators get their way about submitting the Ludlow amendment for ratification, what is the foreign policy of the United States? The people will have declared themselves simultaneously in favour of taking an active part in world politics and in favour of keeping out of world politics altogether.

What are the forces in the country which support the State Department? And what are the forces which support the isolationist Senators? In the past year I have debated American foreign policy in thirty-eight out of the forty-eight states; as a guess, based on this experience, I suggest the following alignment:

A majority of the press, in all sections of the country, is inclined to favour a more active and less isolationist policy. And the same is true of a majority of the "leading citizens." But a large majority of the job-holding middle-class, both town and country, is isolationist. This majority is smaller as you approach the Atlantic coast, larger as you go westward, and especially as you go south-westward. As I write this article I have just finished a two weeks' tour of the south-west. In Texas and in Oklahoma, I believe the farmers and the city workers are almost wholly opposed to sticking a finger in the European pie. They say it is not America's business, no matter who steals what from whom in Central Europe. They question the strength of the democratic ideal in France and England, so they are inclined to dismiss the argument that it is America's duty to help defend democracy. And they believe that the United States could survive and prosper even if Europe were in ruins.

There is one large group in America, usually ignored, many

of whose members are actually in favour of war. I refer to the unemployed. During the past fortnight in the south-west I have talked to many men who have been thrown out of farm work by the new all-purpose tractor. More than half of them said that the best hope they saw for themselves and their families was another war. They are not interested in an argument as to the usefulness of war. "What the hell—it's a job, isn't it?" They don't find the world of to-day a pretty sight, and they doubt whether the world of to-morrow—even with the help of a war—can be much worse.

The following figures from a recent statistical poll should be set beside my subjective impressions. Seventy-six per cent. of the people polled were in favour of selling food to France and Britain in case of a war, and fifty-two per cent. were in favour of selling arms and airplanes as well. On the other hand, only seventeen per cent. were in favour of giving military support to France and England, and fifty-five per cent. were in favour of the Ludlow war-referendum amendment.

In spite of the strength of isolationism—a strength which is easily underestimated by anyone who sees only the "best people" and reads only the leading papers—American opinion is certainly moving in the direction of a stronger foreign policy. President Roosevelt is using the full power of his leadership to hurry this change along. He seems to have accepted without reservation the thesis that the United States has an important interest in helping France and England to resist further Fascist aggression, and also the similar thesis that in a world dominated by Fascist power-politics and Fascist barter-trade the American system would live precariously, if at all.

If Hitler continues to do his part by behaving worse and worse, and by seeming to grow stronger and stronger, President Roosevelt will probably succeed in winning a majority to the support of his foreign policy. But this is only on the assumption that the Fascist threat continues to turn westward against France and England. If a settlement should be made of the Italian claims against France, and if Hitler should seem to become more and more deeply and inextricably involved with his eastern conquests, I think the American people would lose their new interest in helping Europe to defend the so-called democratic way of life. That interest is the result of the combined work of the two greatest showmen alive to-day: Hitler, who does everything imaginable to irritate the American people, and Roosevelt, who exploits each new Nazi wickedness to the full.

To sum up, I think the only safe prediction to make is this: if the Germans should force a new world war in the near future, the American people—on a cash-and-carry basis—would supply France and England with arms and food, and would refuse to supply the dictator states. The French and the English can hardly be expected to regard this policy as a great concession. Yet the isolationist Americans see it as a concession. They believe that by selling to one side only—and by allowing our economy to be again distorted for the sake of Europe's war demands—America is running a serious risk of being brought into the war. And they believe that if America joins another world war the cause of democracy in the United States will be set back at least a generation; some of them believe that the cause will be lost for good. It is with a feeling of desperation, therefore, that they are slowly being persuaded to abandon as unworkable their pet schemes for keeping America isolated from the quarrels of Europe.

HERBERT AGAR

A LONDON DIARY

AT last there is available a translation of *Mein Kampf* complete and unexpurgated as Germans have read it since 1926 and read it still (Hurst and Blackett, 8*s.* 6*d.*). To meet the authentic Hitler at this moment is a political event. I had read the greater part of this tedious and long-winded book a good many years ago. Then its craziness impressed me: to-day its method stands out. I found myself asking why, with the Nordic Koran in front of us, anyone ever supposed, as Mr. Chamberlain did, that Hitler would call a halt to the expansion of the Third Reich, when he had brought the lost German tribes within it. Again and again he lays down the doctrine that expansion in Europe is both necessary and morally justifiable, for the purpose of winning space in which to live and grow. He starts on the very first page (p. 17). After calling for the union of Austria with the Reich, he proceeds:

> When the territory of the Reich embraces all the Germans and finds itself unable to assure them a livelihood, only then can the moral right arise, from the need of the people to acquire foreign territory. The plough is then the sword and the tears of war will produce the daily bread for the generations to come.

The phrase about the plough and the sword runs like a Wagnerian theme throughout the book. The Kaiser, for example, is criticised (p. 128) for his failure to adopt this policy. He should have aimed at winning, not overseas colonies, but "new territory in Europe" by "military struggle" and "mainly at Russia's expense." Hitler makes not the smallest attempt to conceal his determination to expand by war.

> The territory on which one day our German peasants will be able to bring forth and nourish their sturdy sons will justify the blood of the sons of the peasants that has to be shed to-day. (p. 531.)

Posterity, we are told, will forgive the statesmen "who decree this sacrifice," though their contemporaries may curse them. He speaks of war as inevitable (p. 124) for we are nearing a period of "dreadful struggles for existence on the part of mankind." Victory will fall to the nations "who are of more brutal will." Humanitarianism, which is only "timidity and self-conceit," must then "melt away," for man would lose his greatness in perpetual peace—an echo, it might be, of Mussolini.

* * *

The by now familiar passages which indict France as "the implacable enemy," for whose "overthrow" no sacrifice could be too heavy, duly appear in this unexpurgated translation (541-2). Here too are the superb passages which declare that France is becoming a "Euro-African mulatto State," increasingly "obsessed by negroid ideas" (pp. 508 and 525). But for me the passages that stood out most clearly in the context of contemporary happenings were those which argue that national security demands a certain "natural" proportion between population and territory (p. 523). On this is based the doctrine of self-sufficiency. A people's support must be "guaranteed by the resources of its own soil and subsoil." In plain words it must possess all the wheat fields, mines and oil fields required for its existence. Failing this due proportion between numbers and territory, "decline or even annihilation" must follow. The consequences of this doctrine to Germany's smaller neighbours are clearly indicated. "A state whose territory is small offers a natural temptation to the invader" (p. 125). But indeed we are all duly warned, including the German people. Thus we are plainly told (p. 499) that if the Kaiser had done the right thing, which was to win "new territory in Europe" first, and only thereafter "to acquire colonial territory," it would have meant "devoting such abnormal efforts to the increase of military force and armament that *for forty or fifty years* all cultural undertakings would have been completely relegated to the background." Clearly the four-year plan is only a beginning: civilisation is to be postponed for half a century. From this effort of expansion at the expense of others, but primarily of the Russians, Germany dare not shrink. This nation is

> not some little group of negro people but the Germanic mother of all the life which has given cultural shape to the modern world. Germany will either become a World Power or will not continue to exist at all.

The end of the whole matter confronts us plainly on the last page (p. 560) as on the first. Germany has only to purify her racial stock and she "must one day become the ruler of the earth." That, then, and not merely robbery, was the motive of the November pogroms. As the reader will have noticed, Mr. James Murphy's translation is not elegant, but it is very much clearer and vastly more readable than the clumsy original. Unluckily in grappling with this obscure text he has made

some rather numerous mistakes which occasionally reverse the sense.

* * *

The Green Belt Exhibition at Charing Cross Underground Station is a record of the most spectacular achievement of the Labour majority on the L.C.C. Starting in January, 1935, Herbert Morrison and Mrs. Hugh Dalton, the Chairman of the Parks Committee, could not hope to make a perfect job of it—delay had done irreparable harm—but they have already made grants for the preservation of 110 square miles and nearly expended the £2 million originally allocated to the scheme. The Green Belt is not actually a Belt at all, but an irregular pattern of wedges and strips of parks and woods and open downs, as well as unspoilt farm land, lying on an average about sixteen miles from Charing Cross. Some areas will be thrown open straightaway, others later; while certain portions will be "sterilised" and remain as woodland or farmland in private hands but with public footpaths across them. In addition to these open spaces the L.C.C. is acquiring playing fields of from 50 to 100 acres for its schools, some of them near the Belt, and is thus ensuring that every London child over 10 will have one day a week in the country. Once again Herbert Morrison has shown his power of charming not only his own Council but the neighbouring County Councils out of their parochial exclusiveness. By offering them grants but leaving to them the administration and maintenance costs, he has harmonised the needs of regional planning with local autonomy in a way that seemed to be impossible before 1934.

* * *

Ruth Dalton reminds me that the originator of the idea was Sir William Bull, who in 1902 submitted a scheme for "a continuous green girdle half a mile wide and 47 miles long linking existing open spaces." But the Progressive majority did nothing. Then in 1924, when the Municipal Reformers were in power, the Progressives proposed a green belt, but in spite of an admonition in 1926 from Mr. Chamberlain, then Minister of Health, the Council permitted the open spaces to be mopped up by the speculative builder, and in three years (1926–9) 2,500 acres had gone. Indeed you have got to go back just 100 years to find a worthy predecessor of Herbert Morrison. In the early nineteenth century John Nash saw London spreading out towards the nursery gardens and potato fields of "Marylebone Park" and persuaded the Prince Regent to lay out this crown land "that the attraction of open space, free air, exercise on horseback, on foot, and in carriages shall be preserved or created, as allurements and motives for the wealthy part of the public to establish themselves there." Regent's Park was open in 1835. Just 100 years later the L.C.C. is making "the attractions of open space and free air" available, not to the wealthy, but to the people.

* * *

Mr. Aneurin Bevan and G. R. Strauss offered to limit their advocacy of the Popular Front to Labour Party meetings and asked the Executive to be permitted to state their case in person. The Executive's reply to these suggestions was a note informing them of their expulsion since they refused to sever *all* connections with the campaign. It looks as though the decision has now been taken to exterminate opposition before the Whitsun conference. If so there are fourteen more heads due to roll next week. For that is the number of candidates who, by signing a letter stating that they will continue to exercise their democratic right of advocating the Popular Front, have stretched their necks upon the block, ready for the Dallas axe. Meanwhile two small incidents add spice to the situation. First, Herbert Morrison has stated that he cannot accept without careful examination the new recruits enrolled in the Labour Party by the Cripps campaign. Perhaps he is afraid that a Socialist might slip in. In the second place, a threatening letter has been sent by the National Executive to the Secretary of a Midland City Labour Party. His crime was stated to be that he asked Mr. George Dallas two awkward questions at a public meeting.

I was reminded this week-end of Sir Auckland Geddes' remarks about the northern attitude to National Service and conscription. In the South and Midlands such things are accepted, public meetings are orderly and not unsympathetic, and the minority of dissentients are mostly pacifists. But somewhere just north of Coventry there comes a sudden change. Those same districts which would have no truck with Mrs. Simpson feel the same way about conscription and even about A.R.P. I watched a National Service procession on its rather bashful way through the shopping streets of a Tees-side town. The members of the decontamination squad sat in the lorries and winked under their tin hats at friends in the crowd, as if they were saying, "We look pretty good fools, but the bosses want it this way." Though it is a desperately exposed area, no one seemed impressed by the danger, and the feelings of the crowd were summed up in a chance remark: "They are off to the cenotaph—the right place for that sort of show. They want to put it over us again, but we've been through it once." Meeting a Yorkshire industrialist next day, I asked him how he accounted for the difference. He told me that he thought it had nothing to do with pacifism or religion—the chapels are respectably patriotic—but was the result of a profound cynicism about politics and politicians of all parties. Politics is London, and London does not do anything for the North. The South is the country of the ruling-class and its retainers, and many northern working men speak without enthusiasm of "helping the South out of its mess!" If I earned £3 a week in the West Riding or Lancashire or the Tees-side I might feel the same.

* * *

If war comes this mood will change overnight. But what will take its place after the first excitement? I recommend two books as appropriate reading. The first is what I think the best of all war books, C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment* and the second is Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*. I am not sure, if there is the same sacrifice, the same disillusion and the same gross incompetence as there was in 1914 that the British working class will this time remain quiescent. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Roger Till.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Coroner: All you had for the three of you was 9*s*. a week?—Yes, except that we were all freemen of the borough and received 37*s*. each half-year. We lived on bread, margarine, potatoes and milk.

Dr. John Gardiner said that death was due to prolonged undernourishment. A verdict was returned in accordance with that evidence.—*Daily Telegraph*.

Oban.—"The Charing Cross of the Highlands." The Resort for Rest and Enjoyment.—Advert. from *Observer*.

How much longer is the B.B.C. going to pursue its policy of class distinction? Last evening we were treated to two hours of symphony concert on all Regional stations, and the Variety on West Regional was consequently ten minutes late.

The music, if I might refer to it as such, could only appeal to the intensely highbrow, as shown by the complete lack of melody, and the presence of continual discord.

All we ask is fair play, and a little more of the type of music which is fit for our wives and children to listen to.—Letter in *Radio Times*.

He [Hitler] scoffed and jibed at Britain, but said nothing which aggravated the situation or to which we could possibly take exception. —*Sunday Express*.

Sir,—We also had a cat who was devoted to music. He showed a marked preference for classical music. Dance music did not interest him greatly, and jazz seemed positively to hurt him, and he would run out of the room to escape it. But Beethoven he loved, and would sit listening, purring, with half-shut eyes, and an ecstatic expression on his face.—Letter in *Observer*.

TWELVE MONTHS OF NAZI AUSTRIA

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT LATELY IN AUSTRIA]

As we watched the recent break-up of Czecho-Slovakia, we were reminded inevitably of the similiar fate that overtook Austria a little more than a year ago. The technique of the German invasion was substantially the same in both cases, though the circumstances, of course, involved some differences in detail. But our purpose here is not to discuss the planning and execution of these two crimes. It is to tell in brief the story of Austria under the Nazi rule—and to leave the reader in the light of this, to make his own comparisons with what is already happening, and his predictions as to what is likely to happen in Bohemia and Moravia and Slovakia.

We will not attempt to consider the effects of the *Anschluss* in terms of human suffering. Anyone who has interested himself in the plight of the Austrian refugees and inquired into the fate of those who have died or survived in concentration camps, or into the causes of the long roll of suicides in Vienna, knows that the human suffering is beyond calculation or cool description. Let us leave this side of the tragedy for the time and glean what we can from facts and figures which have been openly published in Greater Germany. With a controlled press such facts might come under the suspicion of being faked if they were too favourable; if they implied an adverse criticism, this is far less likely.

When the rulers from Berlin arrived in the little country they had described as bankrupt and ruined, their first thought was to seize the Austrian gold reserve, worth approximately 280 million schillings, considerably more than remained in the safes of the mighty Third Reich. This booty has never appeared in the Reichsbank's returns, and must have disappeared into the secret war-chest. But there was more booty than lay in the National Bank to be squeezed out of Austria: private firms and private individuals were forced under threat of heavy penalties to declare and surrender all their gold objects, foreign exchange and foreign securities. It is more difficult to check up the actual value of what has been seized in this way, as complete silence has been kept about the results by the German authorities. Though it is known that it was very high, one must accept the current estimate of one billion schillings with some caution. In any case this sum, too, has disappeared into the mysterious undeclared reserves.

The Germans also immediately set about taking over the whole banking and insurance machinery of Austria. The biggest prize of all was the great *Credit Anstalt* Bank, which since the early thirties had been to a large extent a State concern and therefore fell directly into their hands. It controlled about four-fifths of Austrian industry. Next, the German banks forced the shareholders in the French-influenced *Länderbank* to sell out for comparatively worthless marks, and repeated this technique with the Austrian branch of the Czech *Zivnostenska Banka*. The only other big bank, the *Mercur*, was already in German hands. The seizure of the insurance companies was also made easier for them by the process of concentration into State hands that had gone on since the collapse of the *Phoenix* a few years before. It was the German Labour Front that took over the *Austrian Insurance Company*. It is interesting to note that in the reorganisation of the remaining companies, Italy was ruthlessly forced out of her influential position.

Austrian industry followed Austrian banking into the German maw. It is impossible to do more than indicate the main prizes. The *Hermann Göring Werke*, the key concern of the Four Year Plan, immediately absorbed the great *Alpine Montangesellschaft* (which had also previously been in part a German property), the motor car and armaments factories at Steyr, the Daimler-Puch works which were connected with them, the *Steirische Gussstahlwerke* in Judenburg, the important railway-coach factories in Semmering (Vienna) and the Pauker works; in fact all the chief Austrian concerns connected with armaments, with the exception of Mandl's factories at Hirtenberg which went to the equally German *Wilhelm Gustloff Stiftung*. And the *Hermann Göring Werke* also took over another concern of vital importance, the Austrian Danube shipping company, the D.D.S.G., which has the biggest fleet at present on the river. Austrian coal, cement, locomotive building and electrical concerns went the same way to various German capitalists. Of Austria's great wood industry, a large part belonged to the State and therefore automatically became German property; and, in order to meet urgent timber needs, the German Government began a ruthless process of deforestation, which threatens to ruin in a few years the work of many decades of wise and scientific forestry. Austrian susceptibilities have been further wounded by the fact that, with two exceptions, all the new factories for the planned German economy have been built outside Austria, and little or nothing has been done about the many schemes for road-building, slum clearance and electrification which figured so largely in the propaganda of the early days.

Meanwhile, the Austrian trade balance has steadily deteriorated. In 1937 the trade deficit amounted to about 120 million marks, but against this had to be set the very considerable "invisible export" of the tourist traffic. Now, for 1938, the official figures disclose a deficit of twice as much—241 million marks, while foreign tourist traffic, also according to official statistics, has dropped by 47 per cent. The narrowed possibilities of export to foreign countries in autarkic conditions, the Jewish boycott, and the difficulty of obtaining raw materials for Austria's famous luxury trades, in particular leather, have all contributed to this catastrophe. And, so far as trade with Germany is concerned, the Reichsbank's decision to value two marks as worth three schillings instead of the previous four schillings has had ruinous results for Austrians while it has brought much gain to German exporters.

It is an undeniable fact that unemployment in Austria has been sharply reduced, and many thousands have found an existence more tolerable than they had before. Nevertheless, the general level of wages, particularly when the increased contributions to Nazi organisations are taken into consideration, has sunk; hours of work have increased—the eight-hour day has officially been abolished in paper, iron, steel and mining industries—and the disappointment of many of the former unemployed in finding themselves sent to hard road and fortification work in Germany, at minimum wages, is proved by the large numbers who have simply downed tools and returned home. German complaints of Austrian "laziness" have been as energetic as they have been tactless. While wages have deteriorated, an increase in the cost of living and a decrease in the variety of wares on the market has taken place which can easily be checked from official sources. Austria was far more dependent for its food on imports than Germany; in addition to this the Germans were slowly accustomed to autarkic conditions over a period of years, while for the Austrians they came almost overnight. It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, that the sudden difficulties in obtaining butter, pork, fruit and other articles, and the rapid restocking of the clothes shops with inferior substitute stuffs has caused a good deal of grumbling. How serious is the rise in prices can be estimated from time to time from the articles which appear in the German press, ingenuously warning Austrian traders that the prices they are charging are an offence against the Nazi *Volksgemeinschaft*. If the collapse of Jewish custom has created a serious crisis among small shopkeepers in many districts, their position everywhere has been made enormously more difficult by the rise in taxation. German taxes, which in 1938 were already far higher than Austrian, were soon introduced into the "Ostmark," and in the last few weeks these have been even further increased, weighing particularly heavily on the small incomes.

And what of the men who now control Austria's industrial, political, military and cultural life? A study of the list is startling even for those who realised that the Germans would make sure of a good sprinkling of the best jobs. With the

dismissal of Globocnik and many of his Austrian lieutenants, the entire political control of Austria is in the hands of Bürckel, a German. On May 1st the Germans plan to go even further than this, and abolish Austria altogether as a separate "Land." They will divide it up into a number of districts and put it directly under Berlin's orders. Meanwhile the commander-in-chief in Austria, General von Bock, the military commander-in-chief in Vienna, Major Rothkirch, the chief of the secret police in Austria, Major Heydrich, and the chiefs of the uniformed police in Vienna, Graz and Wiener Neustadt are all Germans. Among other Germans now prominent in Austria are the leader of the Labour Front, Roebe; the directors of the Austrian railways and posts, Fleischmann and Tiebel; the organising leader of the Hitler Youth, Hausenauer; the director of broadcasting, Von der Schulenburg; and the director of the famous Reinhardt Theatre, Hilpert. On the board of the *Hermann Göring Werke*, which is now in a dominant industrial position, there is no single Austrian. The obverse of this process is the "liquidation" of all those, whether Jews, Catholics, Socialists, or simply Aryan supporters of independent Austria, who had official posts before March, 1938. One especially interesting fact emerges: that all highly placed witnesses of the Nazi Putsch in 1934, Major Fey, General Zehner, the Ministers Neustadter-Stürmer and Karwinsky, and the chief of General Staff, Jansa, have disappeared into oblivion—or their graves.

On the strength of these facts it is impossible to resist the conclusion that during the first year of the *Anschluss*, Austria has been treated like a colony to be mercilessly exploited at the will of the invading Germans. Unless all reports from Vienna are to be discounted, large numbers of Austrians, even Nazis, are already bitterly aware of this, and see only too clearly, if too late, the difference in character and culture which divides them from their "brothers" in North Germany. What is likely to be the fate of the citizens in the new provinces that were once Czecho-Slovakia? The German minority among them has been promised a privileged position; but can they really hope for better luck than the Austrian Germans have had? As for the majority, who are already marked off as aliens, they may surely expect the worst.

THANKS

"GUY NICKALLS was killed in a motoring accident three and a half years ago. The day before, he had seen the Zürich crew win the 'Stewards' at Henley and had remarked: 'Thank God I have been spared to see what I believe to be the finest four of all time.'" Thus dramatically began the *Times* review of Nickalls's recently published autobiography, *Life's a Pudding*. An eminent student of human nature, having read the review, wrote to me expressing his surprise and amusement at the fact that so slight a thing should have given Nickalls a happy death. "One knows, of course," he said, "that, ever since Simeon instituted the practice, the subjects that have enabled people to sing their *Nunc Dimittis* have been many and various. To Wolfe it was the news that the French were running: to Fox, the abolition of the slave trade; but I should doubt if anything more unexpected than the Zürich four has ever been chosen."

Not being an oarsman, I could not myself have shared Nickalls's ecstasy: I should not even have known that the Zürich four were the finest four of all time if I had seen them. At the same time, I do not find Nickalls's last words—or, at least, his last recorded words—surprising. I can imagine an old boxing enthusiast on the point of death leaving his bed to see Carpentier at the beginning of his career and thanking God that he had lived to see such grace and skill in the ring. We are all grateful for perfection when we recognise it, even if it is only in a game. And it is in games that many men discover their paradise. I know a man who, if Tottenham Hotspur played perfect football, made their way back into the First Division of the League, and won the League Championship and the Cup in the same year, would, I am certain, say: "Thank God, I have lived to see this day."

It is a thought of a kind that occurs to us only after we have outgrown childhood and begun to reflect on the possibility that we may die before we have, so to speak, seen the Naples of our dreams. In childhood we see our Naples and are ravished by it without considering how lucky we were not to have missed it through the scissors-work of fate. As we advance through our teens, however, we begin to dread death, not only as an evil in itself, but because it may strike us down before we have enjoyed some longed-for experience. So, at least, it was with me, if memory does not play me false. The first thing I can remember longing to live to see was the Carl Rosa opera season in my native city. Opera—is there any heaven to compare with it before one has seen operas? The very names are entrancing, like signposts to a diviner world—*Carmen*, *Tannhäuser*, *Mignon*, *Lohengrin*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *The Flying Dutchman*—names, some of which one survives to hear uttered with expert contempt and some of which ultimately come to suggest boredom to oneself. Having never yet passed through the golden gates, however, I was in terror lest something should occur to prevent me from seeing *Faust* and hearing Zélie de Lussan in *Carmen*; and as, owing to a morbid imagination, I was all but sure at the time that I was suffering from a disease of the bone that might cripple me or worse, my chief purpose in life came to be to avoid seeing a doctor or falling into the hands of a surgeon till the Carl Rosa week was over. If I could but survive till then, it seemed to me, life would have been worth living. There was, of course, nothing whatever the matter with me except fright; but it may be that fear even sharpened prospective pleasure. And when the opera company arrived and I at last saw *Carmen*, I experienced such exquisite happiness as could have been translated into speech only by some such sentence as: "Thank God, I have lived to hear Zélie de Lussan."

I do not say that to hear Zélie de Lussan sing would have made life seem worth living to a man with better musical taste than mine: all I know is that it seemed to make life worth living to me. The value of such experiences is personal. I once met the matron of a nursing home who said in a challenging tone: "I don't suppose you'd give a 'Thank you' to see a piece of the velvet King Edward sat on during the Coronation'; and, so far as I was concerned, she was right. She, however, had her own dreams, and who knows what fires may have burned in her imagination at sight of that fragment of royalty-bruised cloth? We are all moved to gratitude by different things. "Thank God," said Mr. Fairchild, "for this excellent rhubarb pie." It is the sort of thing for which many of us would return only formal thanks; but it cannot be doubted that there are others whose gratitude at the table comes from the very foundations of their beings. I myself have never lost my self-control in gratitude for a dish. I was glad to have lived long enough to taste *bouillabaisse* at Marseilles, but it was not because I liked it, but because I could now contradict those who said that it was worth going to Marseilles to eat. I do not deny the experimenter in strange foods his right to enjoy himself and to praise Heaven for his enjoyments; but, in the first place, I distrust famous localised foods, and, in the second place, I prefer the hours between meals to the hours consumed in dining-rooms and restaurants. Wine, I agree, is another matter. I was once a guest at a lunch at which a different hock was served with every course, some of them no longer to be bought with money, and there was one hock so fragrant—a hock that it seemed almost a sin to drink instead of going on inhaling its flowery perfume—that I could easily understand how a better man than I might have thanked God that he had lived to taste such a wine as that. I have seen men's faces light up with reverence as they tasted a glass of perfect port. It is a reverence that, though I do not share, I at least respect.

There are, indeed, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine reasons for believing that life is worth living and for

thanking Heaven that one is alive to enjoy it. Apart from personal relations, which are for most of us the main source of happiness, how many things there are that, one after another, recreate the world for us and make us glad to have survived into so unquestionable a paradise! The first journey from Pisa into Florence among the hills and the cypresses—who that ever made it can have doubted that life was worth living for that experience alone? Every spring the almond blossom returns, luminous and transparent in the morning sun. Later comes the apple-blossom, and who could think ill of the world with an apple-orchard in bloom? I do not remember whether Mr. Fairchild was ever stirred to such a sense of the beneficence of the universe by flowers and birds as by a rhubarb pie, but there are people for whom such things turn the world from a place of darkness into a place of light in the winking of an eye. At sight of wild roses in a hedge, at sight of a kingfisher, all the crimes of empires vanish into nothingness, and a world that contains the graves of the Caesars becomes but a scene for this final triumph of a lovely bird and a beautiful flower. An illusion, perhaps, but an illusion worth living to experience. Or so, at least, it seems to me.

That is why I differ from Mr. E. M. Forster who, in a charming article about his pious great-grandfather, Henry Thornton, in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, quotes a passage from one of Thornton's published prayers, expressing a sense of God's "manifold and great mercies," and says of the words, "Thy manifold and great mercies": "To us they mean nothing at all." To me they seem to express the normal human gratitude, not only for perils escaped, but for the things that make life worth living and have made it so to millions of human beings in tragic as well as in complacent centuries. The atheist, no less than the theist, experiences this sense of thankfulness for the recovery of a friend from illness, for the triumph of an oppressed people over its oppressors, for the coming of the first swallow, for the resurrection of life and loveliness that fills mortal men with hope at the return of every April. Whether we praise God or something vaguer called Life for these things, our emotion is much the same. We know, for an hour at least, that life is worth living, and that the "manifold and great mercies" are more than an illusion and a dream.

This, it may be thought, is a creed for the comfortable; and, if it were merely the comfortable who subscribed to it, it would justly be suspect. But it is not to the comfortable that we owe the most convincing praise of life. No millionaire has praised life so whole-heartedly as the deaf, dumb and blind Helen Keller; and no one enjoying the robust health of an athlete has been so confident of the goodness of life as Benjamin Valloton, undergoing operation after operation for gangrene. Some of the greatest pessimists, from Solomon down, have been men free from most of the common miseries of life; and the best praise of life in music has come from men who saw the world as a place in which Caesar for the day triumphs and Christ is crucified.

It may seem paradoxical to be happy in such a world as we see rumbling and erupting around us; and I cannot say I am happy when I think about it. But, even in such a world, I shall forget about the hysteria of Hitler—for half an hour—if the flycatchers return to the garden; and the wrath of Mussolini will fade into emptiness—for perhaps an hour—when I hear the first willow-wren. There are so many things that make it worth while to be alive—gannets under a blue sky diving into the stormy sea off Ballintoy, young pigs, ducks, perhaps rhubarb pie and the sight at Henley of the finest four of all time. We are all sentenced to death, as Hugo said, but under an indefinite reprieve; but how many things, great things and diminutive, have happened to us during the period of our reprieve that have made us feel grateful that it was extended long enough for us to enjoy them! Y. Y.

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Miscellany

WAR BABY

A GERMAN bomber in the sky
Assisted at my birth.
My father lay across the sea,
Beneath the earth.

I loved the searchlights and the stars
That made the darkness bright;
But soon unaided stars adorned
A duller night.

My house was haunted by a witch
Who tried to take my life.
A dragon on the garden lawn
Ate up my knife.

I used to cry when giants made
A loud and evil noise.
I couldn't run and jump and play
Like other boys.

A master hit me on the head,
And said I was fool.
Three times I left my bed and ran
Away from school.

My thoughts are strange and wonderful,
My mind is clear as day;
But other, duller people think
Another way.

I read the papers every day,
And often they provoke
My laughter, when I ponder on
My private joke.

Perhaps I too shall drop a bomb,
And I shall live to see
The day I'll help to bring to birth
A man like me.

F. J. A. CLARK

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION

WHEN I come across a Greek quotation I feel guilty and apprehensive. Can I translate it? Seldom; the words, aggravatingly familiar and still vaguely exciting, wear a distant and superior air. I remember their faces perfectly, but cannot for the life of me remember their meanings. And the ironic smile of Mr. Drysdale, who first made me fond of Greek, and the querulous eyebrows of Mr. Amos Thell, who effectually destroyed my interest in that language, rise up to reproach me. "Is it really necessary," says Mr. Drysdale, "for you to refer to that translation—the vulgar and the blunt would say crib—before answering? You do not make use of even such limited faculties as God has seen fit to bestow upon you." "You astonish me," complains Mr. Thell. "Were you not an important senior fellow, endeavouring to obtain a classical scholarship under my tuition for more than two years? Do you not yet know our rules for the use of the optative?" Sorrowfully I admit my ignorance. It is certainly regrettable. I had a classical education if ever a boy had. From nine to nineteen I spent most of my life learning Latin and Greek. As a result, here I am with a few tags at my service—surely an inadequate return for ten years' intensive labour. But perhaps they are not all I learnt. The rest I hesitate to mention, since it was acquired, I think, rather in spite of my classical education than because of it. And I would not seem to belittle scholarship.

Mr. Drysdale was responsible for a lot. I used to sit in his class admiring and shivering and waiting for a chance to show off. I was very conceited and even more sensitive. His comments on my character were often accurate but too wounding to be valuable. Being made a fool of in public would render me incapable for days on end; I would lie awake at night with a pain like toothache, recalling the tone of his voice and the malicious eyes of my neighbours, impotently planning to explain just how unfair he had been and imagining a scene in which he made me a handsome apology. But my respect for him was unlimited. He taught me to look for ideas in Euripides, and he made me so at home in the last century of the Roman Republic that I have always been able to hate the Romans as they deserve.

It was not until I began at the age of sixteen to work under the scholarly eye of Mr. Amos Thell that the rot began. He was a man of three adjectives. Sixth-form boys and their scholarships were important, their errors were unfortunate, and their misbehaviour incredible. He was the kindest of men, and laboured and sweated for our intellectual and moral salvation in a way which makes me blush to this day. It was natural, public school wit being what it is, that any master named Thell should be known as Hell, and hence as Satan, though usually as Amos. Once he treated us to a jobation on the subject. It had come to his ears, he said, that his name was being corrupted in a very unfortunate way (I whispered to my neighbour that it was an improper corruption, too, according to Grimm's law). Now, of course, he realised that masters must have nicknames, but he did appeal to us to dub him with something less objectionable. "Why not"—he smiled his most winning smile—"call me something else? Why not, for instance, call me Bill?" Somehow Bill did not stick, but of all Amos Thell's phrases "Call me Bill" has perhaps the best chance of immortality.

For six hours a day, five days a week, the classical sixth sat round the long oak table in the library, while Thell, gaunt and aquiline, with drooping moustaches and a bookish stoop, expounded those rules of syntax which should have been preserved immaculate in the works of Horace and Thucydides. Amos had written a Latin grammar. To him language was a kind of algebra; the sentences were right or wrong, and it was his duty to see that whenever any member of the class came upon a departure from strict grammatical usage he should be able to recognise it, to label it, and to quote similar regrettable vagaries in the works of other classical authors. The trouble with Tacitus, as the class wit observed, was that he had never read Mr. Thell's important Latin grammar. We could not claim the same excuse.

During those interminable hours in the library we read the pick of one of the world's great literatures. That I know is the fact. On hot days the sun poured through the lattice windows and spilt great pools of broken light on the polished oak in front of us; dazzled and sleepy, we construed the sentences and parsed the words which, taken together, somehow compose Plato's *Phaedo* and Euripides' *Medea*. Through long wintry afternoons the red light from the log fire flickered invitingly on the chiselled backs of the books around us while we discussed with interminable nicety the sins of commission and omission which disfigure the prose of Plato and Thucydides. But never once do I remember Amos even obliquely referring to the drama of Thucydides, the poetry of Plato, or the philosophy of Euripides. In vain for us did Cassandra prophesy and Odysseus sail to Calypso's isle. While Socrates talked we discussed his use of the enclitic particle; when Prometheus defied Heaven he used an irregular form of the negative; when the wasting Athenian hoplites strove and surrendered at Syracuse the tale was told (but I may be wrong) in the future aorist. Verrall's incredible emendations were gravely considered and rejected, and, after twenty minutes devoted to a line which was only remarkable for the fact that no one could be sure just what it meant, we hastened with scholarly indifference past a passage which might be grammatically commonplace but which might, nevertheless, chance to come from the lament of Priam over Hector or the lyric to violet-crowned Athens in the *Oedipus at Colonus*.

I was certainly among the most foolish during school hours. I could not get interested in grammar. It never seemed to me important, and so far from becoming more proficient as the fatal time drew near I developed a distressing tendency to forget the most elementary rules and to perpetrate the most flagrant "howlers." My proses went from bad to worse, and I can see now the melancholy but patient face of Amos Thell lit up with astonishment as he found me committing errors for which, had I been in the second form, personal chastisement would have been the only appropriate punishment. "You amaze me," he would cry, his jaw dropping into his butterfly collar and the words rushing out of him in a kind of scream of mingled grief and horror. "What do you think your scholarship examiners will say to such errors! How unfortunate to make cum govern the accusative case and conjugate equus as if it belonged to the fourth declension!" He did his best to save me, but in vain. The more I toiled and the more I read and reread my proses the more errors I introduced. I became desperate and finally wicked.

Years before I had made a discovery. Perhaps it was the *Agamemnon* which reawoke me. We read it with infinite slowness in class, but its beauty and splendour were irrepressible. And then I discovered the Apology. I read it, I remember, conscientiously in Greek but with an excitement and admiration that never left me. After that I came upon another discussion of the problem of the State and the individual in the *Antigone*, and in my impatience to be at it, I galloped through it guiltily in Jebb's edition, which puts the English side by side with the Greek. I found myself applying Antigone's argument with Cleon and the defence of Socrates before the court to my personal problem of whether I had the right to put my own objection to killing people before the State's reiterated insistence that it was, just then, everyone's duty to kill Germans. I had been told that Greek was still alive, and I was finding it true even through the medium of translations. I paid less and less attention to the original, and, in unscholarly haste (which was fatal to my Greek), I raced through the whole bulk of Greek literature, anxious only to discover why Homer was so exciting, how the idea of God changed from the time of Aeschylus to that of Plato, and why that old conservative Aristophanes chose a dung-beetle to carry his hero to the throne of Zeus to plead for the end of war. But I must stop before I begin explaining how recently I ran into Alcibiades in Athens, and how I saw the hills about us turn to that astounding violet, and how little it troubled me, as I came through the vale of Tempe and saw the great square block of snow which is Olympus, that the words which came into my head were mainly English and not Greek. I must stop lest I be accused of the heresy of dreaming that thought can be separated from language and that slovenly work is ever excusable. I would not be convicted of corrupting youth.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

ANALOGY IN MADRID

CHRIST brings a sword, the Archbishop said.
The wide jaws of the newly dead
And their appearance of surprise
Testify this. From innocent skies

Out of wind's mouth or sun's breath
Came the most high, the triple death
And with its omnipresent purr
Drew out the thirsty listener.

Thirsty still, under jungle law
The deer dies under the striped death's paw;
And who can be sure of the ways of the Lord?
Both Christ and Franco carry a sword.

ELISABETH CLUER

THE LITTLE STEINSCHNEIDER

[Refugees are allowed to bring out of Germany nothing but their memories, but here is a true story as it was told to me by one of them about the Steinschneider whose prophecy of a great fire bringing Hitler into power is said to have caused his murder.—J. R.]

IN 1916 I was an officer in the Austrian Army attached to a military training school at Olmütz, a small medieval town in Moravia, about a hundred miles north of Vienna.

Among the new recruits was Steinschneider, a German-speaking Jew of Bohemian birth, an insignificant little man but for his intelligent face and thoughtful eyes. He later became attached as an orderly to the Officers' Mess, where occasionally I would have a word with him. He looked strangely aloof and incongruous in his private's uniform.

One day a Captain of our regiment returned on leave and was most unhappy because, on his way back, he had lost his luggage. The little Steinschneider overheard us talking, and later asked me, rather diffidently, if I would tell him more, adding mysteriously that he wanted to think about it. His remark became a joke in the Mess. What could the little Steinschneider do about the lost luggage?

Nevertheless, his persistence gained the necessary information, and the next morning our little orderly announced that he had pondered deeply over the matter. He proceeded to describe in detail a large railway station, which he had seen in his imagination but could not name, and to tell us that hidden beneath a timber stack 200 feet behind the station we would find the Captain's luggage.

More jokes ran around the Mess at his expense, but the Captain was desperate about his luggage and passed on Steinschneider's description to the railway authorities, who immediately recognised the station as Prerau. A search was made, and, to the astonishment of everybody excepting Steinschneider, there was the luggage.

This episode led me to question the little Steinschneider more closely, whereupon he related to me several similar instances in which his second sight, or whatever one would call it, had proved itself.

The stories of Steinschneider's peculiar gifts reached the Colonel of our regiment then fighting in Russia, with the result that our orderly was transferred to the Colonel's headquarters. Before long Steinschneider was in the confidence of the Colonel, who found his intuition very useful in deciding all kinds of questions relating to military operations.

The advantages of a clairvoyant attaché, however, were not to be monopolised by the Colonel for long. Steinschneider was removed to Divisional Headquarters, where he occupied for some time the unique position of Clairvoyant-in-Chief, though still with the modest rank of orderly.

My story begins in 1916, and after the little Steinschneider had gone to Divisional Headquarters I did not see him again until 1918, when I came across him, now attached to the Oberkommando of all the Austrian troops operating against Italy. The little orderly's advice had proved invaluable, I learned, on many occasions, but for the purpose of this story I will mention only one. The Austrian Oberkommando was planning a big offensive in an endeavour to break through the Italian lines on the Piave. Steinschneider's advice was all against this operation, not from a military point of view, for he did not understand the first thing about military strategy, but he had an intuition that the attempt would fail completely. This time, however, the Oberkommando disregarded his orderly's advice, and history records that this unsuccessful attack marked the beginning of the disruption of the Austrian forces on the Italian front.

The scene of our next meeting was Berlin in 1931. One day, as I was walking along the Unter den Linden, a luxurious chauffeur-driven Mercedes-Benz drew up alongside me, and out stepped a smartly dressed man. Looking closely at me, he said: "Don't you remember me? I'm the little Steinschneider, but I am no longer Steinschneider, I am now the more Nordic Jan Hanussen."

Recollections of seeing the name Jan Hanussen in many advertisements and on posters came into my mind. He was famous at the time as Berlin's leading clairvoyant, and he edited a paper called *Die Zukunft* ("The Future"), which was helping Hitler into power by continually forecasting his ultimate success. Jan Hanussen was, indeed, a public figure.

Steinschneider was in a great hurry when I met him in the Unter den Linden, but invited me to come and see him the next afternoon, which I did. If his car suggested success, his house was even more impressive. A strangely clad receptionist led me into a magnificently furnished waiting room. About the place there was a feeling of mystery, soon to be deepened when I was ushered into the "Presence." The door quietly closed behind me, and the lighting was so dimmed that at first all I could see was the outline of a figure seated at a raised table, and thrown into relief by a soft, yellowy light from behind. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I discerned various "effects," a skeleton to one side of the seated figure, a human skull, an astrological globe on the table, and odd-looking instruments in corners. I was about to speak when above my head appeared slowly moving stars and the moon, evidently set in motion by the figure at the table. It rose, came towards me and I recognised with some relief the smiling features of our former orderly. The little Steinschneider, now Jan Hanussen, shook me warmly by the hand, apologising for his strange apparel and even stranger surroundings. These, he explained, were essential to convince many of his clients. Moreover, he said, his real gifts were not on tap. When he had neither the inclination nor the time to give a client his full attention, he would unblushingly pass off some spurious nonsense, aided by the "atmosphere" which his trappings created.

We chatted about old times for a little, then Steinschneider returned to the subject of his present occupation, remarking that I could not imagine what important and influential people he numbered among his clients. He would not be able to give me many more minutes, because he was presently due to receive a visit from ——, and he mentioned the name of a man who was destined to play a leading part in the Hitler administration.

Before I left, I asked Steinschneider how it came about that important Nazis placed such confidence in a Jew, to which he answered mysteriously that before long I would see him sitting amongst the leaders of the Third Reich. "But surely that won't be possible for a Jew?" I said. "They will find a way of getting over that," he replied, confidently, "they cannot do without me. Besides," he added, "I know too much."

Poor little Steinschneider. Thousands still remember his gift of foretelling what would happen to others, but was his one weakness the inability to foresee what would happen to himself?

On January 30th, 1933, Hitler came into power. A few weeks later Jan Hanussen, alias Steinschneider, was found dead in the Grünewald, with some two dozen bullets in his body.

JOHN ROBERTS

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

DURING the past few years London has taken the place once occupied by Vienna, Paris and Berlin respectively as the chief musical centre of Europe—which still means that of the world at large. The recent performances of such comparatively new works as Hindemith's opera (in a concert version) *Mathis der Maler* and of Bela Bartok's "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta" (composed towards the end of 1936) were not even the first London performances, and the latter work might have had its first performance outside the composer's own country in London if it had not been for the obstinacy of an English conductor who shall be nameless. Clarence Raybould conducted the Hindemith and Sir Thomas Beecham the Bartok work. These performances confirmed me in my opinion

that in spite of his excellent craftsmanship Hindemith is a pedestrian composer, whereas Bartok's work is one of the best he has produced and is an extremely interesting and novel, even if not finally original, composition.

In spite of this movement of the musical centre of gravity to London, nothing described as a Music Festival has hitherto been announced. There has been a tendency, however, for musical activity here to reach its height in the early summer from the end of April to June, while in recent years there have been two great acquisitions to our musical life somewhere about the same period, namely the annual Glyndebourne opera season and the annual visit of Toscanini conducting the B.B.C. symphony orchestra in a series of concerts.

It has occurred to Mr. Owen Mase, the present director of opera at Sadler's Wells, to link up all the early summer musical activities and organise them into a festival, issuing booklets and arranging tourist facilities on the Continental principle so that the public may have readier access to the extraordinary number of musical events which will be taking place in and about London from April to June. I shall now give some particulars of the most important of these.

Little need be said of the Toscanini concerts. The famous Italian conductor has elected to give all the Beethoven symphonies beginning on May 3rd with Nos. 1 and 2 and following with the others in chronological order at the succeeding concerts. In addition, Toscanini will conduct Beethoven's *Missa Solennis* on May 26th and 28th. This latter ought to be an outstanding event, since this is not only one of Beethoven's masterpieces but it is exceedingly difficult and is very rarely given even an approximately adequate performance. On this occasion Toscanini will have the services of specially chosen soloists (K. von Pataсky, Kerstin Thorborg and Nicola Moscona) and the B.B.C. Choral Society.

There has been some doubts whether there would be an opera season at Covent Garden this year, but Sir Thomas Beecham has finally been able to announce a seven weeks' season beginning on May 1st. There will be only one cycle of the "Ring" under Sir Thomas. Mme. Germaine Lubin will reappear as Isolde. Other Wagner operas to be given will be *Tannhäuser* and *Parsifal* under Dr. Felix Weingartner. Italian opera will be more strongly represented, and Gigli will be one of the principal singers engaged. The most interesting feature of this year's Covent Garden season, however, was a promise that we shall have the opportunity of hearing some Czech operas and singers. Smetana's *Bartered Bride* was announced and also the engagement of Hilde Konetzni. But this attractive scheme has not materialised which is regrettable, for it leaves a season bereft of whatever little interest it had for lovers of opera. It seems very surprising indeed that Sir Thomas Beecham does not realise the necessity of preparing his Covent Garden season sufficiently well in advance, so as to secure (a) truly first-class singers for that part of the Covent Garden repertory which is necessarily familiar to the public, and (b) some additions to the hack repertory which in themselves might reawaken interest in Covent Garden. The need for a vigorous well prepared and enlightened policy at Covent Garden has now been obvious for a long time.

The Glyndebourne repertory is unchanged this year and will consist, therefore, of Mozart's *Figaro* (with which the season opens on June 1st), Verdi's *Macbeth*, Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, and its old successes *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi fan Tutte*. There will, however, be some alteration in the casts. Those who have not yet heard these Glyndebourne productions are advised not to miss them this year, since I am convinced that Mr. Christie will have to introduce several novelties in their place next season. In the repertory of opera contrast is essential and there are so many works which one would like to hear at Glyndebourne that I shall repeat here some of my own suggestions in the hope that Mr. Christie and Dr. Fritz Busch will give them serious consideration. Glyndebourne is essentially suited to Gluck's operas, of which there are at least three which are unknown to the present-day musical public. Not only are Gluck's operas masterpieces of a kind that has never been repeated but they are in my opinion more likely to be a fructifying influence upon the future history of opera than those of any other composer.

Then there is the long neglect of Berlioz awaiting reparation. Dr. Fritz Busch has admitted his desire to perform one of Berlioz's operas and Mr. Christie has suggested that the language is a difficulty. To obtain a cast of singers sufficiently practised in German and Italian is already hard enough, but to add another language, French, presents fresh and frightful difficulties. But I suggest that *Beatrice and Benedict* in any case ought to be presented in English as the text is from Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing* arranged by Berlioz, and one only needs to restore it, especially as there are long passages of witty uncomposed dialogue. Then, there is an English translation by Professor Dent of *Benvenuto Cellini* which was used by the Glasgow Opera Society when they proved to everybody who was present that Liszt was quite right in thinking this opera to be one of the finest productions of nineteenth-century music.

In addition to these outstanding events there are a number of excellent symphony concert programmes under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bruno Walter and Boyd Neel at the Queen's Hall; also a special performance of English Church Music at King's College, Cambridge, on Sunday, April 30th, under Boris Ord; a concert of "Ayres and Ale" at Prince's Galleries on May 9th; the Griller Quartet at the National Gallery on May 11th; the New Hungarian Quartet at the Royal Academy on May 15th and at Hertford House (the Wallace Collection) on May 18th; a special performance of English madrigals and other music in the Great Hall of Hampton Court Palace by special permission of the King on May 19th. Particulars of all these and other events of the festival are given in the booklet to be obtained at the offices of the Festival at 50 New Bond Street, W.1.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Heaven and Charing Cross," at the St. Martin's

In the first act of his play, Mr. Aubrey Danvers-Walker gives us a stunning picture of family life among small shopkeepers. This is not only very comic but in a Flaubertian way appalling: entire vacuity of mind combines with continuous self-assertiveness. The parents are conspicuously superior to their children, having been bred before the age of films, perms, and picture papers. In the second act the younger son commits a murder, and for the rest of the evening we are harrowed by his terror, his mother's misery, and her frantic efforts to conceal the truth. The play remains "good theatre" throughout, but it is otherwise pointless. There is no feeling of necessity: there is no more reason that he should commit a murder than that he should go blind, develop cancer, or rob the till. But murder is fashionable just now in the theatre, so murder he must. There is nothing impossible in the story—good women do have mad sons—but neither is there anything significant. For our part we think that murder, like other forms of insanity, is tolerable as a subject only in the hands of a poet, an ironist, or a melodramatist. One leaves this play neither exhilarated nor purged: such incidents occur, but they are not intrinsically important. Mr. Danvers-Walker writes his character-sketches with uncommon skill, and we very much hope that he will write a number of comedies about the class that he has observed so perceptively. Mr. Bun the Baker and his family are better to write about than Baronets because they are less trained in the art of concealing their emotions. The play is uncommonly well acted. Miss Mary Clare gives the mother great humanity and dignity, Mr. Frederick Peisley is appropriately hysterical as the son, while Miss Jean Shepeard and Mr. Alban Blakelock give the most effective performances, one as a crippled girl devoured by jealousy, the other as the most comically obtuse and conventional of chapel-goers. Mr. George Carney, Miss Eva Moon, Mr. Cyril Smith, Miss Helen Goss and Miss Megs Jenkins are all excellent in their skilfully written parts, and Mr. Richard Bird's production is smooth and effective.

Ethel Walker at the Lefèvre

Of all ways of painting Impressionism is the most congenial to the general temperament of our artists. Indeed it seems an

accident that we did not develop it ourselves: there happened to be no Early Victorian painter powerful enough to pursue the discoveries of Constable and Turner. But in France at the time there were individuals of genius, and though Impressionism runs counter to the main tradition of French art, they produced the masterpieces of the style, and it was from them that the English and Scots belatedly received what should have been their birthright. Our literature has always had its Impressionists, and the direct apprehension of Nature, untroubled by any conscious desire to reduce her to formal order, is conspicuously English. A second characteristic of Impressionism—the patient study of atmospheric changes—also comes easily to us, because of our climate and landscape. Very few of our painters have been remarkable in composition, but the sensibility of touch so important for this way of painting has not been uncommon here. Now that, alas, Mr. Wilson Steer has ceased painting, Miss Ethel Walker is the most distinguished of our Impressionists. If you see one of her pictures in a mixed show, it always stands out, and usually makes its neighbours look very amateurish. She is an uneven artist: her more ambitious decorative compositions are apt to be weak architecturally, and her essays in stylising the figure are not very happy. But when she paints with her eye on a bowl of flowers, a girl's head or the various sea, she can make most serious and covetable works. Always, one feels, she is entirely absorbed by her subject and the problems it presents: whereas many painters stand in front of a model or a still life because it is their profession to cover canvas, she seems indefatigable in her direct response to such objects. Consequently, she always renders the womanliness of women, the floweriness of flowers. Her sense of colour and tone is remarkably right, her scaly texture is lively and pleasurable. She is one of the English painters whose work we should most like to have upon our walls.

"Blackwell's Island" and "They Drive by Night," at the Warner

An interesting double bill. *Blackwell's Island*, extraordinary as it may seem, is based on fact. In February, 1934, a spectacular raid on Blackwell's Island (then known as Welfare Island), New York's gaol for short-term prisoners, revealed an astonishing state of affairs. A small group of big shot racketeers virtually ruled the prison; they had their own servants, special food, a private bar, gramophones and even a telephone line to their headquarters in town. They had organised an internal racket of their own, selling good vegetables and meat to 500 of the prisoners who were able to pay for them, while the remainder had to exist on greasy cold stews. One of the leaders of the ring even had a barber to shave him. All this the film shows us in a pleasantly detached vein of irony and with much comic detail. The principal racketeer is presented by Stanley Fields as an overgrown bully, with the brain and amusements of a boy of twelve, who spends his time playing trains and perpetrating painful practical jokes on messenger boys: it is a highly diverting portrait. There is a second performance which lifts this film out of the rut of reporter-exposes-racketeer films: that of John Garfield as the young reporter. He is the most interesting of recent recruits to the screen, and one hopes that his success in *Blackwell's Island* will not lead to his appearing in a monotonous series of tough guy parts. With his stocky build, bullet head and aggressive manner, he does them admirably; but his performance in *Four Daughters* and certain scenes in the present film reveal his possession of the rarer ability to portray characters of unusual intelligence and sensibility. These are qualities which in the crowded action of a film there is often little time to expound; they must be inferred from a hint, a look, an attitude, and this is precisely where John Garfield excels. Everything he does is worth watching.

They Drive by Night is based on James Curtis' story of a young man released from prison who goes to see a girl he used to know and finds her murdered and barely cold. Terrified of the circumstantial evidence against him, he runs away from London and takes to the road. The most interesting parts of the film, as of the book, are those which describe the lives of lorry-drivers on the Great North Road and of the professional "dance-hostesses" of the suburban Palais de Danse. In fact, though less slick than its American counterpart, this film shows a welcome tendency to abandon the imaginary world of mock-Tudor county houses in order to study English life in all its oddity and variety. Emlyn Williams brings his individual brand of realism to the part of the innocent suspect, while as the sexual maniac who is the real villain Ernest Thesiger is appropriately sinister.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 7th—
"Messiah," Royal Choral Society, Albert Hall.
"The Dream of Gerontius," Queen's Hall.
TUESDAY, April 11th—
Drama School on Comedy, King's College of Household and Social Science. Till April 16th. Particulars from British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square.
Opening of Ideal Home Exhibition, Earls Court.
WEDNESDAY, April 12th—
"Of Mice and Men," Gate.
SATURDAY, April 15th—
Ballet Intime and Concert, Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 8.15. In aid of Spanish Refugees.

Correspondence

DENMARK

SIR,—The author of your review of Herr Joesten's book on Denmark misrepresents the trend of events, when writing: "A violent frontier struggle has long been going on, supported and stirred by the local party organisations." Denmark is just concluding an election campaign involving fundamental issues of constitutional life. In terms of civilised communities any election campaign may be called violent, but in terms of neighbourhood with Hitler Germany, something more is required to justify the description. Does any reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION imagine that the British press would at this juncture ignore incidents pointing to a "violent frontier struggle"? The rest of the review is a mixture of truisms, applicable to any country in a Europe which is menaced by Hitler Germany, and untruths. But one can hardly blame the reviewer, as they are evidently reported on the authority of that "astute political diagnostician," Herr Joesten himself.

On the specific nature of the German menace to Denmark both the strategic conceptions of Herr Joesten and the economic are, in the main, wrong. It is not in the interests of a kindred democracy publicly to put right the former. In regard to the latter, the theory of Denmark as Germany's "war larder" ignores the structure and working of Danish agriculture. Cut off from overseas supplies, she would immediately lose essential elements of her agricultural production. Danish agriculture in transition would not provide much of a larder for anybody.

Nobody denies the pressure attempted by Germany. No more than Britain has Denmark found it possible to discontinue trade which, in effect, places foreign currency at the disposal of the German economy, including, of course, arms production. But the subservience of the Danish Government is a myth.

It is not true that "obedient to order, it has effectively muzzled the press." There is ample evidence to the contrary. There are in Denmark, as in other countries, newspaper proprietors of a peculiar constitution. But that is hardly the fault of the Government in a democratic country. Nor is it true that "Nazi propaganda and activities are being winked at" in Denmark, any more than in other countries. Herr Joesten has himself inserted an "Important Addendum," pp. 158–9, which refutes that allegation.

The reviewer's description of the attitude of the Danish Government in inter-Scandinavian affairs is unfair even to Herr Joesten. Not only are "Sweden and Norway anxious to co-operate with Denmark," but they actually do so, and with wartime conditions in view. Quite contrary to the allegation that Prime Minister Stauning "stubbornly refuses even to discuss a Nordic *entente*," an *entente* is actually in existence, equipped with an economic organisation lacking in other *ententes*.

If, however, the reviewer and Herr Joesten have a military alliance in mind, then that idea was turned down equally by the other Governments of Northern Europe. The source of that element in the Danish myth which Herr Joesten is helping to foster, seems to have been injudicious reading of a Conservative press which was playing up this refusal, both in Sweden and in Denmark, in order to get at the two Social-Democratic Governments on the defence question. In Sweden the Government was actually defeated on that issue, only to be returned within three months with an increased backing in the country.

In view of the quiet courage which the Stauning Government and the overwhelming majority of the Danish people combine

with wise caution in facing the menace of contemporary Europe, the epithet "ostrich attitude" would recoil on the reviewer, if, in his case, it were not so utterly inadequate.

53 Albany Street, N.W.1. BJARNE BRAATOY

POPULATION

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Mater Innupta," speaks of the right of the mother "to enjoy the sole legal guardianship (of the child) after it is born, as she enjoys the sole natural guardianship of it in the months before its birth." It is precisely in the months before its birth that the mother is usually dependent on the father's support.

"Mater Innupta," or unmarried mother—it is not necessary for her to give her name, but we need not shrink from plain English—seems to regard the father's relation to the child as merely momentary; she ignores the effect upon him psychologically of his parental obligation, and its value for him individually, and for society. She sounds very self-sufficient, but can she be sure that she will be entirely sufficient for her child? Sole guardianship may satisfy the jealous, exclusive maternal affection of some women; it may bear hard upon the child, to whom the father has contributed half its being, and often the dominant heritage. Many daughters, and sons, also, owe an incalculable debt in their development to the father's companionship and affection; children who have been half-orphaned, not through the mother's choice, but by death, have felt a lifelong lack in their unbalanced family environment.

Social stigma is not the only disadvantage of children whose mothers *prefer* to undertake the obligations of motherhood "without incurring the further obligations of marriage." What are the obligations that are so insupportable? Comparative sexual restriction as opposed to promiscuity? There is usually behind our social tabus, cruel as they may be in application, some self-protective instinct: in this instance it seems to be the recognition of how much home and family ties have meant in our social evolution. MARTHA KINROSS

THE WAR MIND

SIR,—May I appeal through THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to all who care for peace to keep their heads in the outburst of hate-mongering that has sprung up on platforms and in the press.

Last week, amidst a feverish chorus, I was particularly impressed by three examples of war propaganda. The first—a letter by Mr. Duff Cooper in the *Times* of March 22nd—maintained that we treated Germany too leniently in 1918. If, he said, we had left her stronger, she would the sooner have been in a position to pursue her present tactics. Mr. Duff Cooper apparently overlooks his obligation as a responsible ex-statesman to remind his readers that the German Government which we penalised in 1918–19 was not a militaristic but a liberal democratic Government, which, if it had been supported to the extent that the signatories of the Congress of Vienna supported the restored Bourbons in 1815, would have saved Europe from the horrors that now beset us.

My second example comes from the *Evening Standard* of March 23rd, in which Lord Castlerosse, writing comfortably from a convalescent's bed, maintained that English parents must now be prepared for a million of their sons to go out and die. (Being over age for military service, Lord Castlerosse will presumably not be one of the million.) This loss, he says, is a matter of indifference, since men have to die anyhow. Those of us who are bringing up young families with infinite trouble in an anxious, complex and expensive world, may perhaps be pardoned for asking if it is a matter of indifference whether our children put in fifty years of constructive work for civilisation, or die hideously on the battlefield in their 'teens. If so, the large-scale practice of abortion in those "civilised" countries which cannot resist the game of power politics seems the only solution for mothers inadequately skilled in birth control.

My final example comes, I regret to say, from a meeting of the Left Book Club at Chelsea Town Hall. Here one of the distinguished speakers informed his willing audience that the war against Fascism was to-day the only war worth winning and would, in effect, be a war to end war, smash German militarism and make the world safe for democracy. I had not heard these points made with such impassioned fervour since the recruiting meetings of 1914. The speaker, however, did not point out that our efforts to achieve these aims by force two decades ago have resulted in the fear of war and the strength of German militarism being greater than ever before, while 350 millions are now living under dictatorships and only 150 millions in democracies. Nor did he tell us what factor in the present situation guarantees that a new attempt to gain the same objects by the old methods will produce a different result. Later at this meeting, when Sir Stafford Cripps, who had not heard the first speech, developed as part of his programme certain reasoned peace proposals which would not be invalidated by the continued existence of Fascist Governments, the audience was, by comparison, bored—perhaps the most sinister symptom of all.

The passionate conversion of sincere, benevolent and intelligent persons to a war policy under new names but old disguises is already a grave feature of this as of all preceding international crises. Is it too late to urge those who are not yet submerged in ferocity to resist its insidious power to capture our emotions and impair our judgment? If the worst happens and war does come, it is not by impaired judgment and emotional hatred that we shall avoid another Versailles. VERA BRITTAIN

"FLOWERING RIFLES"

SIR,—Since diligent lying to appeal to harrowed sentiment is openly exhorted in propaganda by nearly all Red Spanish manuals on the subject, and by Left leaders from Lenin downwards, I need not challenge Mr. Spender (supporting as he does the side in Spain which preaches lying and which lays so much importance on propaganda as to devote two enormous skyscraper buildings to nothing else) to show by what monopoly of grace he entitles himself to treat me to hypocritical Tartuffades about "disinterested truth," "witnessed fact," and other sanctimonious blarney about "freedom" and "justice," which have long ago been degraded from their use as human speech by the ghoulish babooneries of the Reds which have come to be associated with them. As I am far nearer to common humanity than the orchidacious poets of Bloomsbury, I don't need to ask him from what standard of happy and healthy normality he treats me to Stiffkeyisms and sanctimonious phrases about "distortion" or "inversion." Are the majority of Spaniards, then, distorted and inverted to feel like I do for their cause? As he seems to warn his readers against my personal experience of both regimes in Spain as if it were (*per se*) a serious disqualification and a handicap—he exposes himself too laughably for any comment as to what the real meaning of "witnessed fact" is for him—since either way he shows he disapproves of it whether as being of intrinsic weight or of being the dangerous form of lying which carries most weight in England and which is recommended by his own side as of vital necessity! In either case he is equally suspicious of it. Luckily for him, however, no nationalist can dirty his lips with such phrases as "witnessed fact" or "disinterested truth" after the use that has been made of them. Let us cut out these degrading tartufferies which defile the lips, and appeal to those events which need no "witnesses," to decide whether Mr. Spender has any more right than a discredited and broken down fortune-teller, or a convicted palmist, in the presence of an exact astronomer, to mention the word "truth" in my presence. Let us examine whether the Truth has ever come within fifty miles of Mr. Spender and his colleagues other than as an avenging, punitive, and hostile Force, with nose held between finger and thumb, to kick their mouldy day-dreams into smithereens and trample their fungoid proliferations whenever they got too "ripe." It is by now an axiom that whatever Mr. Spender and his colleagues support, even if it were the Pyramids themselves, would collapse like rotten, worm-eaten cheeses within a few hours of the manifestation of their sympathy. This happened in the case of Azaña's, Caballero's, and finally Negrin's Government which collapsed on the day of the joint manifestation of the British poets with their Poems for Spain. The form of collective bedroom palmistry which they mistake for poetry can be guaranteed to work out inversely and reversely to a hair. So he has no right to talk of "*inversion*." What but a rapacious appetite for, and a continuous diet of lies or inversions of fact, could produce such a flawless and continuous inversion of their day-dreams in real life: it is surely what they live on that causes them to live in a perpetual state of abortion. It is surely an *innate falsehood* in themselves, coupled with a degrading credulity, that enables them to bring out, without any conscious shame, a book in support of a Spain which never existed, when even the judo-masonic Babel they mistook for it had collapsed a week before; with the cowardly desertion of their dupes by leaders (who had sworn their "last drop of blood") into the wallow of infra-civil strife between "comrades," which was the last of my series of flawless prophecies that yet remained to be fulfilled (p. 129). Even before this war I had so much of

the living *truth* in me that I had already galloped through Mr. Spender and his fellow-Roopertisers of this war and planted our colours at the summit of triumph when events are only just reaching them. In *Broken Record*, 1933, I delineated to a hair the role of Mr. Spender and his colleagues with their antics and defeat as the Rooperts of this next war to end war—and how they would be more tamely dragooned than ever into a war for "Peace" (as they call the international judo-masonry) to be dumped and disillusioned worse than before. I was even able prophetically to dedicate a bunch of their Roopertées in advance, as later captured on the Castilian veld, to my wife (see *Dedication of Mithraic Emblems*) long before a Brigade of Rednecks had ever been envisaged by the cynical humorists that sent them out here. At the beginning of the war, when "freedom and justice" were supremely wallowing throughout the peninsula, in a worse carnage than the war itself, and when they were all toasting a Red Spain, I printed a poem, "Hard Lines, Azaña," in the first weeks of the war, flawlessly adducing the inevitable failure of the Red cause to the support of the British Intellectuals. In all I have written I have been able prophetically to anticipate and proclaim victory years beforehand when I was supposed to be as wrong about what matters most (then a "technical impossibility"), the victorious event, as Mr. Spender tries to pretend I am about the details. In view of her treatment of him and his cronies it is laughable of Mr. Spender to pretend to be on speaking terms with Truth; even if she hadn't been obscured for three years by the most gigantic campaign of lies the world has yet seen, he could never have found her except as she raids his mouldy Utopias as an angry, outraged, and punitive force! It requires a really perverse and passionate craving for inversion to arrive where Mr. Spender is with regard to events; since if ever a crowd of silly, dishonest, bungling, and pretentious mountebanks have been mauled, trampled, and spat on by the falseness of their day-dreams and aspirations it is these same Rooperts of the War of 1939! This type of antediluvian lounge-lizard is now extinct in Spain and will soon be in England: but when one remembers the delighted response of Mr. Spender and his cronies to the gloating exhortations of Sender and Maurin to "monstrous crimes" and the wholesale "sticking of bellies"—now that the boot is on the other foot, the shameless, whining, and hypocritical tartufferies of Mr. Spender about "brutality," "justice" and "freedom" have a very queer smell and a very plaintive sound. For him to talk about truth when the sawdust is visibly running out of him in the shape of appeals to a bourgeois morality which he has always pretended to deride is an abject confession of the final abortion in defeat of all he pretended to stand for. If he did not live on lies his dreams would come true: if I lived on anything but truth my otherwise risky long-range prophecies would fail as hopelessly and humiliatingly as his.

One must choose between the bronco life
And the Manso death who feeds on lies.

13 Airogas, Toledo. ROY CAMPBELL

LABOUR PARTY EXPULSIONS

SIR,—It would be a mistake to suppose that the recent expulsions by the National Executive merely represent hostility to the Popular Front campaign. There is a second reason which has largely escaped attention. The expulsions are part of the struggle for power which is going on between the growing influence of the divisional Labour Parties and the Trade Union leadership which has dominated the Party in the past.

The power of the Trade Union officials rests mainly on the device of national affiliation, which makes the 2,000,000 Trade Union vote the deciding factor at the annual Labour Party conference and enables those who can direct it to control decisions.

National affiliation also gives the Trade Union leaders great influence on policy between conferences, for Transport House, the headquarters of the Labour Party, derives four-fifths of its £40,000 a year income from the 2,000,000 affiliation fees of 4½*d.* paid by the Trade Unions.

If the Trade Unions were affiliated locally to the divisional parties in which their members lived, instead of nationally to the headquarters of the Party, this concentration of influence over policy, organisation and finance would be broken up, and the Labour Party would be a healthier and more democratic body.

Till 18 months ago the Trade Unions also controlled the election of the whole of the National Executive Committee. At Bournemouth, for the first time, seven members—out of twenty-five—were elected to the Executive, who did not depend for re-election (or so we thought!) on retaining the good will of the Trade Unions.

A number of prominent Trade Union officials expressed hostility at Bournemouth to the whole idea. They realised the danger which it offered to their control of Party policy. Now, however, they have found in the weapon of expulsion an effective instrument for nullifying the constitutional changes agreed upon at Bournemouth. DEMOCRAT

MODERN SCHOOLS

SIR,—"Critic" makes the astonishing statement that "If you want a modern education for your children you must send them either to an L.C.C. school or to Dartington." May I suggest that it is high time he visited Abbotsholme School, the pioneer of the new school movement? STANLEY UNWIN

George Allen and Unwin Ltd.,
40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

[We hasten to assure Mr. Unwin and other correspondents that Dartington was mentioned only as an example of a modern school which appreciates the importance of imagination in child education. We could of course give a long list of similar modern schools, any of which could have been mentioned with equal relevance.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PALMISTRY

SIR,—I have just read Professor C. E. M. Joad's book, *Why War?* . . . Under the heading of "The Demoralisation of the Masses," the following passage occurs: "among those who were subjected only to war's indirect effects, credulity, intolerance, . . . and every kind of *childish superstition* from the grosser forms of spiritualism to *palmistry* . . . "

Professor Joad is head of a Department of Philosophy and Psychology at the University of London. The University of London has been for many years, and is now, engaged in brilliant experimental and research work in Psychology. It seems incredible that Professor Joad has not heard of the efforts to establish the human hand and its characteristics as a valuable and scientific branch of experimental psychology. I myself am engaged in an endeavour to equate Professor Spearman's Theory of Two Factors with the evidence displayed by the palm of the child. The human hand could be, and in the future undoubtedly will be, one of the most important determining factors in psycho-pathological analysis. Truly Professor Joad would not accuse Aldous Huxley of "childish superstition," but perhaps he has not read his introduction to Dr. Charlotte Wolff's interesting and suggestive "Studies in Hand-Reading." I challenge Professor Joad. He can send me the imprints of one hundred hands amongst which shall be a proportion of mental cases, and I will accept a judgment of the value of hand-reading by the proportion of successful analyses that I make. This proportion shall be that of the usual percentage of pass marks for a University examination. The imprints must be clearly taken and be of both hands. BERTHA WESTON

Hopefield House, Antrim Road,
Belfast, N. Ireland.

THE SERVANT PROBLEM

SIR,—Those whose perennial interest in "The Servant Problem" does not wilt even in times of international crisis will, I hope, all have duly observed the judgment given in a recent legal action.

For "enticing" a maid from her employment in Hampstead the defendants were ordered to pay £21 by way of damages, while the maid herself was held to be liable for the sum of £4, these sums in addition to costs. As the contention of the plaintiffs was that a month's notice should have been given, it may be assumed that the total sum of £25 represented the value of the maid's work for a month; that is to say that the court clearly assumed her to be worth over £6 per week.

In giving this judgment (see *Daily Telegraph*, March 30th, 1939) the judge explained the nature of the damage, which was that the plaintiffs "took meals away from home" (as a result of their maidlessness) and that the husband "was deprived of his wife's society while she was cooking meals and doing housework." Thus we have not only, for the first time, a legal assessment of the true value of domestic service but a clear statement that those married women (charwomen and others), who deprive their husbands of their society in order to supplement the family income, should be compensated at this same rate in any rational scale of wages. REGINALD REYNOLDS

53 Cleveland Square, W.2.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN October 1564 two serious little boys of ten met on their first day at Shrewsbury School and became intimate friends who remained closely in touch with each other until death came to the more famous. One was Philip Sidney, the other his biographer Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who wrote of Sidney :

> Of whose Youth I will report no other wonder, but this ; That though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man : with such staiednesse of mind, lovely, and familiar gravity, as carried grace, and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind.

Greville is the authority for the story of Sidney's giving first drink of water to a wounded soldier whom he saw " ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, *Thy necessity is yet greater than mine*. And when he had pledged this poor souldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim." Greville is thus, in part, responsible for Sidney's occupying a place in the sun. He himself has always remained one of the very obscure English writers—not I think, that he is difficult to understand, as so many critics have said, but that his works have been difficult to come by. They were edited by Grosart with extraordinary inaccuracy and incompetence : they were recommended by Lamb and Coleridge, a few lovely lines from the fifth chorus to *Mustapha* are quoted in a book of poems by Mr. G. H. Luce which are worth quoting again :

> Man should make much of Life, as Nature's table,
> Wherein she writes the Cypher of her glorie.
> Forsake not Nature, nor misunderstand her :
> Her mysteries are read without Faith's eye-sight :
> She speaketh in our flesh ; and from our Senses,
> Delivers downe her wisdomes to our Reason.
> If any man would breake her lawes to kill,
> Nature doth, for defence, allow offences.
> She neither taught the Father to destroy :
> Nor promised any man, by dying, joy.

Mustapha is, alas, not up to this level. The story is about as dramatic as any Elizabethan could desire, being founded on the historical events when Solyman the Magnificent had his eldest son put to death so that the succession should pass to the children of a concubine. It is perhaps an instance of the obscurity in which Greville has hitherto been wrapped that the writer of the article on him in the thirteenth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* should boldly say that " the theme of *Mustapha* is borrowed from Madeleine de Scudéry's *Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa*." Actually the first, pirated, edition of Greville's play was published in 1609, when the author of *Le Grand Cyrus* was two years old, and her novel *Ibrahim* was not published until 1641. This absurd statement is passed over by Professor Bullough whose *Poems and Dramas of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke* (Oliver and Boyd, 2 vols., 30*s*.) is a model of careful and scholarly editing. The critical apparatus includes a most careful comparison of the manuscripts and printed editions, all variant passages being given in full in notes and appendices, and origins and influences are fully discussed. It is unfortunate that Professor Bullough has not been able to include the prose works in his edition also. However, an excellent edition of *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney* appeared in 1907.

* * *

The reader of *Mustapha* finds to his astonishment that Fulke Greville had no interest whatever in the dramatic qualities of the story. There is no surprise, no psychology, and no action. In scene I, Solyman exclaims :

> I doe suspect, yet there is nothing done ;
> I lose my Fame, if I so kill my Sonne.

By Act 2, his infinite moralisings have led him to the point of :

> Resolv'd I am. The forme alone I doubt.
> Envie, and Murmur I desire to shunne,
> With which yet great Examples must be done.

Occasionally it is true there is fine flash of rhetoric, or horror. The wicked Sultana, Rossa, suddenly decides to murder her daughter who had put in a word for her innocent half-brother. In her rage Rossa cries out :

> Nay black Avernus ! so I doe adore thee,
> As I lament my Wombe hath beene so barren,
> To yeeld but one to offer up before thee.

The reader may reflect this is going a little far, since her only object in encompassing Mustapha's death is that her own son should inherit the Ottoman Empire. Greville deliberately avoids moments of dramatic suspense. Thus Solyman is warned that Rossa has attacked her daughter, perhaps fatally, before the scene in which she announces :

> My Child is slaine, These hands imbrued are,
> Even in her bowells, whom I nurs'd with care.

It is obvious that such a play must be judged according to standards entirely different from those applicable to the other Elizabethans who can always be trusted to squeeze the last drop of dramatic horror from every situation. Indeed the murder of Mustapha off-stage and out of earshot, and the subsequent suicide of the heir in whose interest he has been killed, are the quietest events of their kind in drama. The introduction of long choruses, not always very relevant to what has just past, or to what is to follow, between each of the acts, further blankets any dramatic quality of the story. *Mustapha*, and *Alaham* also, must be regarded therefore either as poetry or as the expression of certain ideas. There are occasional flashes of fine poetry in the dialogue :

> Fortune hast thou not moulds enough of Sorrow,
> But thou must those of Love and Kindnesse borrow ?
> Tell me, out of what ground grows Rossa's passion ?

But the finest things in both plays are the choruses. That in the form of a dialogue between *Time and Eternitie* in *Mustapha* and that between *Good and Evill Spirits* in *Alaham*, show not only poetry but real originality.

> Mans skinne, was then his silke ; the world's wild fruit, his food ;
> His wisdome, poore simplicity ; his Trophies inward good.
> No Majesty, for power ; nor glories, for mans worth ;
> Nor any end, but (as the plants) to bring each other forth.

* * *

It would appear that Fulke Greville's plays were written as much vehicles of his ideas as to express his conceptions as a poet. Fulke Greville was a Puritan and Protestant and all evils—of tyranny, superstition were ultimately due to Man's fall from Grace.

> Angels fell first from God, Man was the next that fell ;
> Both being made by Him for Heav'n, have for themselves made Hell.

But the Protestant and the Calvinist comes close at moments to the Freethinker to whose state of spiritual grace he is unconsciously aspiring. There is therefore a touch of scepticism, of the critical spirit, which makes Greville appear in advance of his time and which comes strangely from a man who was one of Elizabeth's most accomplished courtiers and who enriched himself enormously both in her reign and that of James. He was a generous patron of learning, but reputed a miser, dying of a wound inflicted by a manservant who became aware that he was not going to receive a legacy in his will. Greville's earlier poems—the sonnet sequence *Caelica*—have been recently shown by an American scholar, Mr. J. M. Purcell, to show a curious parallelism of subject with Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*. While there is no evidence of plagiarism, slightly over half the sonnets in each sequence show some parallelism. Thus sonnets number 19 of each series are based on the metaphor of Cupid's bow, and sonnets number 20 have Cupid ambushing lovers as their subject. There is considerable evidence that Sidney's sonnets were addressed to Penelope Rich and expressed personal emotions. It seems extremely likely that Sidney showed Greville his sonnets as he wrote them and that Greville made use of the

same images in the sequence which he was writing at the same time. But, as Professor Bullough points out, the differences of mood and temperament are more striking than the resemblances in detail. It has been suggested that the Myra of Greville's *Caelica* was Mary Sidney, and the series which contains Greville's finest poetry reads to me like a collection of genuine love poems. There are many lovely poems among them.

I with whose colors Myra drest her head,
I, that ware posies of her owne hand making,
I, that mine owne name in the chimnies read
By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking:
Must I looke on, in hope time comming may
With change bring backe my turne again to play?
I, that on Sunday at the church-stile found,
A Garland sweet, with true-love knots in flowers
Which I to weare abount mine arm was bound,
That each of us might know that all was ours:

There is a poem contrasting the freedom with which the lover indulges his desire when absent with the plaguing of minde and senses by modesty when he is in the presence of his beloved. Very many of the poems indicate that Myra was several years younger than Greville. If Miss Mona Wilson is right in thinking Sidney was writing the early sonnets of *Astrophel and Stella* in 1578, Greville, writing at the same time, would have been addressing Mary Sidney as a girl of 17.

DAVID GARNETT

ANALYSIS OF DICTATORSHIP

Modern Dictatorship. By DIANA SPEARMAN. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Before, and for some years after the War, it was generally assumed that democracy was the only possible system of government for a civilised people. Some communities were, it was conceded, not yet ready for democracy; but the spread of education, we took it for granted, would mean an automatic assumption of the rights and responsibilities of self-government by educated peoples.

We were wrong. Democratic communities have repudiated democracy; undemocratic communities have failed to develop it; and twenty years after winning a war to make the world safe for democracy, the victors behold three-quarters of the inhabitants of Europe living under open or disguised tyrannies. History in fact has delivered a complete "facer" to expectation. How and why have these developments occurred? What is the nature of the régimes which have superseded the democracies, and what are their advantages and disadvantages?

Mrs. Spearman's book is an attempt to answer these questions; in my opinion, a highly successful attempt. Its virtues are many; it is sane, clear-headed, penetrating in diagnosis, and balanced in judgment. Mrs. Spearman never expresses an opinion without giving her reasons, and she consistently fails to fall a victim to the weakness which, with the rise in the political temperature, grows increasingly common, of mistaking assertion for argument and supplying the place of knowledge by converting conjectures into dogmas. Finally, she is concise, and she is never boring. These are great merits, and if I were to permit such criticisms as later appear to suggest to the reader that this is not a scholarly and important work, I should be doing its author a serious injustice.

Mrs. Spearman very properly points out that modern dictatorships are very far from conforming to a single type. There are the dictatorships of party and leader; there are clerical dictatorships based on a Catholic ideology—Portugal and, I suppose, Ireland—and there are what Mrs. Spearman calls political dictatorships, where a popular hero—Pilsudski in Poland, or King Alexander in Yugoslavia—assumes dictatorial power not so much for the purpose of imposing an ideology or way of life, as of dealing with a specific crisis.

The factors which produce dictatorships are no less various than their types. Mrs. Spearman singles out three as being generally operative; these are administrative advantages in times of crisis, ability to evoke emotions of loyalty which enable the dictator to continue in power after the crisis has been surmounted, and the spread of ideas hostile to reason and to democracy, for example, those of Nietzsche, Sorel, Bergson and Marx, which provide an intellectual atmosphere congenial to dictatorship and form the minds of the young who flock to the dictator's standard. These factors have all played their part; yet as the result of her very thorough analysis, Mrs. Spearman concludes that there is no one common cause and no one common condition of dictatorship. Just as there is no common single cause, so there is no common single feature. "It is impossible," writes Mrs. Spearman, "to establish any unity between the different countries ruled by dictators. There is no similarity in social structure, economic organisation, national tradition or race."

It is to the dictatorships of the totalitarian States based upon party and leader, at once the most surprising and the most distinctive of our times, that Mrs. Spearman devoted the bulk of her attention. She is apt, I feel, to be a little too rational in her treatment of these bizarre growths. Take, for example, the appearance of the leader. Mrs. Spearman seems to think that the party chooses or appoints its leader. But does it? Is not the process altogether more mysterious? The modern leader is not chosen; he mystically emerges and, like the Grand Lama, is recognised by his marks. But whereas the marks of the Grand Lama are physical, those of the leader are psychological. He appears, and by virtue of his appearance imposes himself. The party comes afterwards, consisting of those whom the leader gathers round him on the basis of past loyalties and binds to him by future promises. There is admittedly in this respect a superficial difference between the Communist and the Fascist dictatorships. Communism, unlike Fascism, does not necessarily entail a leader; the leader is not, that is to say, part of the theoretical picture. But, as I think Mrs. Spearman convincingly shows, the assumption of dictatorial power by one man is an inevitable feature of any period of violent change, if only because of the inability of party committees to make sufficiently rapid decisions, or to sustain sufficiently onerous responsibilities.

In an interesting final chapter Mrs. Spearman weighs up the drawbacks and advantages of dictatorships. The drawbacks are two: loss of political liberty and loss of freedom of speech and writing. While she is under no illusion as to the seriousness of these losses, she makes short work of the contentions so frequently put forward that there can be no political liberty unless there is also economic equality. Political liberty is one thing; economic equality another. A man has political liberty provided he may freely seek in speech, in voting, and in writing, to change the system which condemns him to economic inequality.

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The advantages of dictatorships are stated to be rapidity of decision and administrative efficiency. Mrs. Spearman makes two observations: first, these are important only in certain rather special circumstances, namely, those of crisis and violent change. Secondly, whether these advantages do, in fact, accrue depends to a quite exceptional degree on the personality of the dictator. I quote her verdict:—"There are, of course, circumstances in which dictatorship may be necessary and even beneficial, but even here its advantages are conditional on the character and abilities of the dictator, while its disadvantages are in the nature of the system itself. Cruelty, for example, is absolutely inseparable from dictatorship."

I have already referred to the clear-headedness and sanity of this book. These are admittedly great merits, but it is one thing to be clear-headed and another to be cold-blooded. Mrs. Spearman persistently refuses to assign values or to make moral judgments; yet the sphere she has chosen is one which, given the existing situation, imperatively demands a certain moral indignation. The reader of a book on modern dictatorship has a right to demand a certain disquietude of soul in the writer; sometimes, but not too often, the pen should tremble. Yet Mrs. Spearman's hand is as steady as a rock. "Dictatorship," she says, "can appeal to certain emotions as a thing in itself apart from arguments as to what it can do." Quite so, but to what emotions? "Fundamental changes," she remarks, "are bound to injure various individuals and interests." Assuredly they are, but the individuals and interests may be bad and it may be right that they should be injured. And when occasionally she does permit us to catch a glimpse of the personal predilections that lie behind the studied impartiality of her normal manner, they are not reassuring. "The preservation of the State must," she tells us, "finally over-ride every other consideration." Why must it? Does she deny the right of revolt against intolerable government? Of Lenin, Mussolini, Hitler and Lloyd George, who "succeeded in substantially the same way," she remarks that "the two soldier-dictators were in some ways a pleasing contrast to the others." Possibly, possibly not; I can only say that what pleases Mrs. Spearman does not please me. At no point does she give evidence of her realisation of the fundamental argument against dictatorship, which is that human beings are simply not angelic enough to be entrusted with absolute power over the lives and happiness of their fellow men, or of the fundamental argument for democracy, that it is only the wearer who knows where the shoe pinches.

C. E. M. JOAD

DETECTION AND CRIME

Death and the Maiden. By Q. PATRICK. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.
Puzzle for Players. By PATRICK QUENTIN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Overture to Death. By NGAIO MARSH. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
The Four of Hearts. By ELLERY QUEEN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Mr. Campion and Others. By MARGERY ALLINGHAM. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
He Wouldn't Stay Dead. By FREDERICK C. DAVIS. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Dust in the Vault. By R. A. J. WALLING. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
Thank You, Mr. Pendlebury. By ANTHONY WEBB. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.
The Altar Piece. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.
Mystery at Hidden Harbour. By CORTLAND FITZSIMMONS. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.
Death in the House. By ANTHONY BERKELEY. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.
The Amazing Test Match Crime. By ADRIAN ALINGTON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

Three years ago my private detective serial, The Mystery of the Great Twin Brethren, was solved for me by a public-spirited gentleman in Brooklyn. That was the case, as readers may remember, of Messrs. Carter Dickson and Dickson Carr, who were suspected of being one and the same person on the internal evidence presented by their books, and despite their bravado in publishing a couple of works simultaneously, one under each name, convicted by the Library of Congress at Washington. Readers are now offered a new problem on the same lines. The Puzzle of the Two Patricks. Is the Mr. Patrick Quentin, who started his detective career about a year ago with *Puzzle for Fools*, a *doppelgänger* of the Mr. Q. Patrick who made a name for himself long since with *S.S. Murder?* The moment is propitious for a scrutiny as both writers have just published new novels, which can be thoroughly recommended on their merits as well as for the purposes of comparison. Both *Death and the Maiden* and *Puzzle for Players* have their scene laid in U.S.A., both are written in the first person, both have neat plots with an elegant twist in the tail; and the language employed by each writer is the same brand of easy, unpretentious, undistinguished, colloquial English common to both sides of the Atlantic. There are other points of similarity in the working out of the plot, such as the intelligent use of the red herring not as a smoke-screen but as counterpoint to the criminal's behaviour. Yet I should be prepared to dismiss all these as accidental coincidences, if the pace of the two stories differed. The hardest characteristic for an author to disguise or modify is his natural gait. The hand-gallop of Messrs. Carter Dickson and Dickson Carr betrayed them; and it is on the steady brisk trot of the two Patricks that I again appeal to the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and the Library of Congress for a verdict.

The gist of the two books must be given very summarily to avoid indiscretion. In *Puzzle for Players* a theatrical producer relates the untoward circumstances attending the rehearsals of a play in New York before its astonishing first night. The complicated love-life of a co-ed University provides the rich material for *Death and the Maiden*. Two of the female undergraduates meet with violent deaths, while a third describes these harrowing events. My preference is for the co-eds rather than the theatrical world, but on detective merit it is difficult to distinguish between the Patricks. Both *Puzzle for Players* and *Death and the Maiden* are first class and well above the average run of detection.

Miss Ngaio Marsh writes typical feminine detection with the greatest of ease and fluency. In *Overture to Death* she has collected a fine assortment of village characters, the squire, the parson, the doctor, the maiden lady given to good works, a rival maiden lady, and the fast lady with sex appeal; and she would be completely happy writing up her characters, whatever they did. She treats crime, like so many lady novelists, as a convenient vase in which to arrange her characters to advantage. If the vase is a bright colour and holds water, that is all that is required of it. The murder in *Overture to Death* is very bright indeed. The village gentry decide to act a play for charity, and there is great competition between the two maiden ladies (i) over the Rector, (ii) over the right to open the proceedings by playing the village piano. Miss Prentice was to have played her Venetian Suite, but a poisoned finger prevented her; so Miss Campanula took her place with Rachmaninoff's Prelude. After the third thumping chord Miss Campanula presses the soft pedal, and by a Heath Robinson contraption shoots herself plumb between the eyes. Then Detective Inspector Alleyn and his friend Nigel (but mercifully without his mother or his *fiancée*, Miss Troy) arrive to do the solving. Besides its handsome colour Miss Marsh's vase holds water, only its shape is exceedingly plain and simple. One of these days Miss Marsh will find a crime plot which is not just a solitary bright idea, and we must postpone our heartiest congratulations for that happy event.

Mr. Ellery Queen has not bettered himself by his visit to Hollywood. In *The Four of Hearts* he is still involved with the racketing nonsense of the film world. A couple of film stars are bumped off in an aeroplane as they start for a honeymoon. The atmosphere surrounding the crime is so hectic that one is not surprised when Mr. Queen finds love-making a more sensible occupation than detection. Unfortunately the reader finds it hard to make sense even of the love-making.

The magazine stories that Miss Allingham has written for her detective are collected in *Mr. Campion and Others*, a volume of fourteen short stories well worth reprinting. Miss Allingham is a rival to Miss Sayers as the most stylish of our lady detective writers, and these minor crimes are just as conscientiously and artistically constructed as her full length novels. Mr. Campion is not a great favourite of mine but Miss Allingham always forces me to respect him.

Mr. Frederick Davis belongs, as his publishers truly say, to the Dashiel Hammett brigade. *He Wouldn't Stay Dead* is a standard American product, for which there is apparently an illimitable market. The pace is terrific, the action incessant, the characters negligible; only the wisecracks falter and prevent Mr. Davis being equal top of his class with every one else in the Dashiel Hammett school.

Dust in the Vault, *Thank You, Mr. Pendlebury* and *Death in the House*, are included in this list not because they are good, but because their authors have been known to write good detection;

all these are disappointments. *Dust in the Vault* is a very laborious investigation of a buried treasure mystery in the Cotswolds by old Tolefree, in which Mr. Walling sinks from his usual high standard of ingenuity. *Thank You, Mr. Pendlebury* starts off nicely with the delivery to a young married couple of a wardrobe bought at a sale, with a corpse neatly suspended inside, but the story degenerates into an intensive exploitation of little Mr. Pendlebury's lovable character and his intimacy with Scotland Yard. *Death in the House* is a crude thriller, with terrorists from India poisoning Cabinet Ministers in the House of Commons—a strange aberration on the part of our respected Mr. Anthony Berkeley.

The Altar Piece is not detection, but a crime novel with a sadistic theme. Miss Royde-Smith is famous enough in her own sphere to need no introduction, and she wrestles with the particular difficulty of a crime plot with all the skill of a seasoned novelist. But the result is not a great success. When the villain is known from the start the reader requires some stimulus to his curiosity to proceed which only consummate artistry can provide. In *The Altar Piece* the lady with a passion for stoning people to death is not drawn with sufficient subtlety to command our attention by her insane activities.

Mystery at Hidden Harbour is by an American author, who employs lady detectives. The plot is exciting ; a group of yachting enthusiasts are isolated by a storm on an island, and then the murdering begins. Two men and a Dalmatian dog are shot in rapid succession. There is an obvious suspect, but he is a hero with an option on the heroine ; besides he might shoot men under provocation, but never a Dalmatian. Gradually the excitement dies away in spite of a last flare-up in a dramatic *dénouement ;* and for this creeping paralysis I hold the lady detectives largely responsible. They are too little of the detective and too much of the lady to take control of the situation. Besides, a sort of Cape Cod miasma comes drifting in from Miss Phoebe Attwood Taylor's vicinity, an unwholesome fog which penetrates the lungs of the reader and gives him an inferiority complex among such noble characters. This is the first work of Mr. Fitzsimmons to be published on this side of the Atlantic and I recommend readers to give him a trial, as some may easily like his distinct flavour.

The Amazing Test Match Crime is one long stupendous joke about the British attitude to cricket. Gangsters machine-gun the English team fielding at the Oval and are driven off by anti-aircraft fire from tanks—but the game goes on ! Anyone who laughed at " Young England " will laugh again. RALPH PARTRIDGE

THE LETTERS OF SHENSTONE

The Letters of William Shenstone. Edited by MARJORIE WILLIAMS. *Blackwell.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

Shenstone's reputation is a small but pleasant one. It is improbable that he will ever be widely known : on the other hand, he cannot be disregarded : and, as long as we are interested in the history of taste or wish to understand the aesthetic background of the eighteenth century, we shall still refer to this mild-mannered country gentleman. Among his other feats, he put into practice Candide's famous summing-up. Plain and diffident and troubled by a streak of melancholy, Shenstone cultivated his garden year in and year out, and made the Leasowes his chief masterpiece and justification. All his friendships were connected with it or immortalised in it. The eighteenth century was much exercised over the question of " Spleen "—a spiritual disorder brought on in the majority of cases by such distinctly physical indiscretions as heavy eating, deep drinking or unwise purging : and philosophers agreed that it could be kept at arm's length with the help of some light but absorbing occupation. A gardener (Shenstone found) was never idle. And a romantic gardener had an unfailing subject for discussion and correspondence. Now there was his idea of raising an obelisk : now he had thoughts of constructing a " root-house " or pondered the latinity of a new inscription : now he considered how he might improve the line of an avenue—problems on which his friends must, of course, advise him and on which he debated with a becoming mixture of zest and indifference, with the air of a Stoic who deliberately indulged in trifles. The enthusiasm was genuine, the indifference affected : both were exceedingly characteristic of the eighteenth century,

His *Letters*, now lovingly if almost too elaborately edited, annotated and prefaced by Miss Marjorie Williams, show us Shenstone on his best behaviour as the Man of Feeling. Their effect, one need hardly add, is *not* spontaneous. Letter-writing,

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at a time when to dispatch a note to a friend in the next county required considerable preparation and some expense, was still an art in which persons of culture took a serious pride; and they did not expect that their productions should be lightly valued. Shenstone himself was equally surprised and hurt when he discovered that his letters to his friend, Anthony Whistler, had been destroyed by John Whistler after Anthony's death. To preserve them (he told another old friend, the Reverend Richard Graves, author of *The Spiritual Quixote*) he "would have given more money than it is allowable for me to mention with decency. I look upon my Letters as some of my *chef d'oeuvres*; and could I be supposed to have the smallest pretensions to propriety of style or sentiment, I should imagine it must appear principally in my Letters to his brother, and one or two more friends. I consider them . . . as the history of my mind for these twenty years past."

This was the plan, then. But what of the mind they profess to reveal? As literary efforts, Shenstone's *Letters* may usefully be compared with those of Lady Suffolk, Lord Peterborough, Lord Chesterfield and Lady Hervey, exchanged at a somewhat earlier period. There is the same atmosphere of sprightly yet melancholy trifling, the same determination not to be solemn at any cost, the same attempt to keep up the tone of artful naturalness which went with a landscape garden in the romantic manner. At his worst, Shenstone descends to appalling whimsy. Lady Luxborough, half-sister of Bolingbroke, was a favourite correspondent; and to her Shenstone addressed some of his most engaging but also some of his most embarrassing effusions. In a letter dated June 1st, 1748, describing his own Spenserian verses on *The Schoolmistress*, he remarks that he has endeavoured "to skreen the ridicule which might fall on so *low* a subject (tho' perhaps a *picturesque* one) by *pretending* to *simper* all the time I was writing"; and it was the strain of extreme diffidence in his composition—his hypersensitive dread of becoming tiresome—that led him to simper so consistently through much of his prose. The result is just the reverse of what Shenstone intended and merely accentuates the traces of uneasiness he was anxious to hide—there are moments when the simper becomes a little frightening, so nicely turned yet so entirely vacuous is every period. Elsewhere—though he is never a brilliant letter-writer—style and sentiment form an unobtrusive yet agreeable harmony.

After all, he was best when he stuck to his garden. Plainly, Shenstone was one of those men for whom the real world has never been very real, or real only in its more unpleasant and threatening aspects. He had experienced ordinary passions and had learned to fear them—had known what it was to be "utterly dissatisfied with the life I now lead, & the life which I foresee I shall lead," to feel "angry, & envious, & dejected, & frantic," to suffer from "heaviness and lassitude" and "unmeaning drowsiness," till (remembering Swift) he thought that he must "die in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole"; but at the Leasowes he had signed a treaty with the world he dreaded. Here he pottered endlessly about his garden walks. Here, in a modest but distinguished fashion, he became an arbiter and practical exponent of modern gardening taste, according to the rules that Kent and Bridgeman had already laid down. Irregularity and romantic variety were specially sought after; the essence of landscape beauty was indefinable, consisting of the ingenious agglomeration of unexpected natural features. To produce an impression of wild untutored simplicity, the utmost care and intelligence were needed; and his letters to Lady Luxborough abound in interesting directions for the improvements of her grounds:

> The quere is, where-abouts your continu'd serpentine shou'd enter the Coppice, which I must Leave undetermin'd. Shou'd you think it agreeable to burst into light before you approach the Hermitage, I fancy the proper Place would be opposite to your deep Precipice when you have planted some few Quince-trees. That Precipice to be ha-ha'd by a rough wall of about a yard at the bottom, and the rest to be thrown open to the Field. . . . If you think it more eligible to preserve the *retir'd Idea*, 'till you enter the Coppice, and not let the Spectator know the Limits of the woodland on each Side him, then you will chuse to make it enter at some greater Distance. . . . I cannot determine which I shou'd prefer myself.

Few modern readers are likely to read this edition of Shenstone's correspondence from start to finish; and even enthusiasts will probably do some skipping; but the volume exhales a peculiar sleepy charm, as might a guide-book to Atlantis or the Isle of Avalon. Five hundred a year in Shenstone's day was still a gentlemanly income. It was still something to be a dilettante and a man of learning. Perhaps Shenstone was less unfortunate than he sometimes imagined himself. Certainly, he would have been more unfortunate in any other age. One looks back to him as might a Roman of the fourth century with barbarian invasions boiling up on every frontier to some minor critic or rhetorician of Maecenas' circle.

PETER QUENNELL

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GOYA

Goya. By CHARLES POORE. *Scribners.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Tiepolo, Fragonard and Mengs (a dull, pseudo-classical artist) were the formative influences when Goya was an art student in Spain. These "manners" were established and appreciated. There was every encouragement for the young artist to stay in the rut, it is remarkable that anyone (particularly in a despotic country like Spain) was able to do anything different. Goya learnt from all of these influences—his tapestry cartoons prove it—but the main origin of his extraordinary personal art is in his realism, and to this end he adapted the technique of Velasquez. To evolve under unfavourable conditions an art so individualistic as his, took time. He was 37 before he painted a portrait of any distinction, and a good ten years older before he became recognisably Goya. This precedent for delayed maturity appears at first more cheering to the modern artist than it really is. The true inference seems to be that many were called but only one, an artist of exceptional vitality, toughness and self-reliance, was able to stand the racket.

The realism of Velasquez is impersonal and almost literal. The facts are stated and the onlooker can draw what conclusions he will. In Goya they are welded, coloured and recreated by the artist's personality. It is always Goya's version. "All this I saw," he calls one of his *Disasters of War* and another "Thus it Was." He understood the society he lived in. He saw the meaning of gestures and the failings beneath them. He was a mocker who saw what would be a coquettish smile as a villainous leer. He exposed the brutality of the invaders, the gross sins of the priesthood and the imbecile conceit of the ruling class in Spain. But in these very generalisations he loses some of the subtler undertones of human weakness. He creates a monstrous

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Fascism rather than a lot of dirty unhappy jealous Fascists. This acceptance of the outward show, even if it is only at half its face value, makes him part of the masquerade. He was solitary, deaf, stubborn and unpredictable and he lacked sympathy. "'In my youth I was a bullfighter and with my sword in my hand I feared nothing,' he said." One can hardly imagine Rembrandt or Cézanne saying that. To Rembrandt a girl with spinach in her hair was a girl with spinach in her hair. To Goya she would have been a goddess or a fraud. Rembrandt's painting displays human tenderness, Goya's shows indignation as well.

Goya lived through a hideous time in Spain. He was born in a priest-ridden but benevolent tyranny. He died in self-imposed exile from the reactionary terror of Ferdinand. He had seen the grandees of Spain shake hands with the invader, and the people of Madrid fight almost unarmed against trained troops for a king who betrayed them as soon as it suited him. There was no disillusionment he did not undergo. Embittered romanticism gives his art its extraordinary emphasis and kept it clear of sentimentality. There is no doubt that Goya's art has what Dr. Klingender has called a "social purpose of passionate sincerity," only in his case it was merged with the sternest detachment. The subject matter of the *Disasters of War* is little removed from that of Raemakers' cartoons in the Great War. Few artists could have produced the *Unhappy Mother*—a child of three years running after those who carry off the body of her mother—without a touch of sentimentality or caricature. Goya's *Caprichos* are the most damning description of the Spanish social system, *Disasters of War* immortalise the futility of violence.

Goya lived until 1828—five years after Delacroix exhibited his *Massaere of Scio*. Baudelaire called Delacroix "Lake of blood, haunted by evil spirits." How much more true this description is of the tortured romanticism of Goya than of the suave history-raking Delacroix. Goya's realism makes his romanticism the more pungent. He is to Delacroix as Stendhal is to Hugo. He founded no school of painting and left no followers. Gericault, the macabre, who had some affinities and who might have carried on, had died four years before him. Manet skimmed the technical cream off Goya and turned it to elegant Parisian purposes. One remembers Manet sketching on the barricades in the last days of the Commune. Here was the occasion, but he made no picture for us to compare with the *Dos de Mayo*.

The difficulty in writing a book about Goya is that apart from the works there is little evidence. This and a lot of gossip have often been gone over before. Mr. Poore has set himself to make a readable synthesis of facts, gossip and appreciation. He leaves the study and cataloguing to others. And although he has chosen to write in that maddening style which is used for writing about emotional artists (Van Gogh, Gaudier are victims, too), he has succeeded pretty well.

The book is readable, even stimulating, but definitely literary. Anyone trying to use it as a work of reference will get many a headache between the unexplained allusions and the whimsical order in which the facts have been marshalled.

GRAHAM BELL

THE EMPIRE : TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

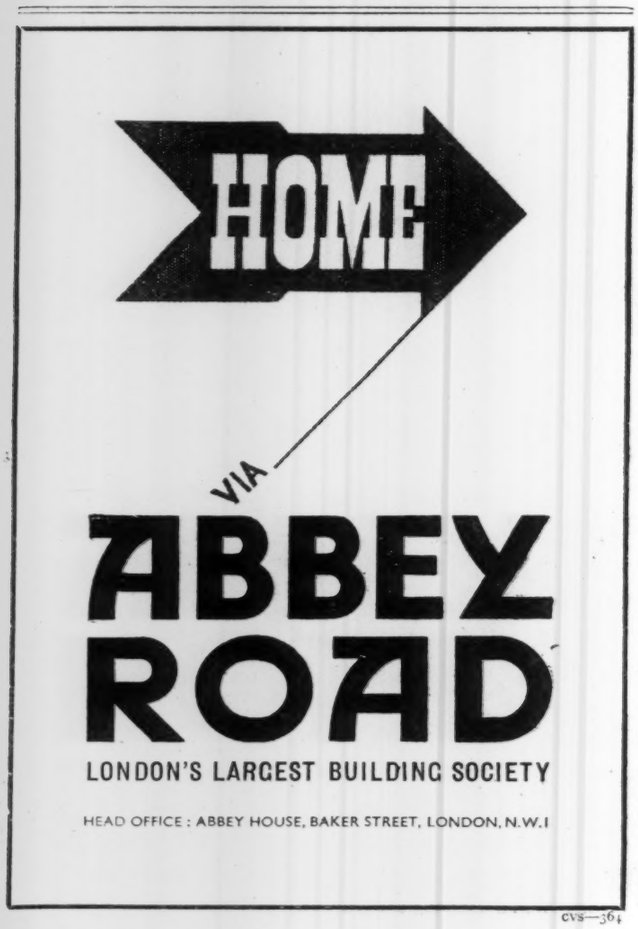
Empire or Democracy. By LEONARD BARNES. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The problem will one day face us, how we shall answer Herr Hitler if eventually he does present in peremptory tones a demand for the return of the German colonies. It may be, when it comes, a mere detail in a world-wide struggle for power. It is also possible that the demand itself is merely tactical. It may be designed to extort our acquiescence, while the Führer snatches in Central and Eastern Europe gains much more valuable to him than overseas colonies. In the meanwhile we have a moment of leisure in which to consider the political and ethical bearings of this question.

How best we should answer it is the subject to which Mr. Barnes has addressed himself in a book that ranks among the ablest and bravest studies of Imperialism. He has no difficulty in proving from the available documents that the real reason why the Allies took these colonies was strategical; they might serve Germany as valuable bases in any future bid for world power. But the strategical answer to the question, Why does one want colonies? is circular. One may want Malta and Cyprus because they protect the road to India, but why does one want India in particular, or the dependent Empire in general?

In his answer to this question Mr. Barnes makes a contribution of the first importance to clear thinking. Others have made it before him, but the facts have changed substantially since J. A. Hobson wrote his classic book. The broad fact emerges that the dependent Empire, even when we include India, is a nearly negligible element in the economic life of our island, when viewed from the standpoint of the general good. The belief that it is indispensable to the material welfare of the population as a whole rests on a myth. It absorbs as a market about 2 per cent. of the total production of Great Britain. As a field for investment it is even less important: the capital sunk in it yields in interest less than one per cent. of the total national income. The conclusion follows that we may contemplate the abandonment of our ownership of this Empire without incurring as a nation more than a slight material loss. Mr. Barnes might have reinforced this argument considerably, if he had set against this trivial material asset the cost of defending our exclusive rights in these possessions.

Why, then, do we cling to them? The major answer may lie in that human love of power and prestige which Bertrand Russell has stressed in his latest book. Mr. Barnes is still satisfied with the Marxist answer. Little as it contributes to the general national good, this Empire does yield to a small group of investors, well placed to exert a political pull, inordinate gains from the exploitation of native labour. From the several instances that he studies one may cite the case of the mines of Northern Rhodesia, which annually export copper to the value of £12,000,000, yield £5,000,000 in dividends to the passive shareholders in this country, and pay in wages to the natives, who do all the manual work of extraction, a total of £244,000. But the more important function of the dependent Empire is that it provides careers in official and unofficial jobs for a number of people who constitute about one in ten of the British middle class. These middle-class persons it enables, as Mr. Barnes puts it, to live upper-class lives. Others have said this before, but for the first time this book attempts and achieves a precise statistical reckoning. The argument is of general application. Given the present class-structure



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APRIL

IMPORTANT NOTE: This is the last number of THE LONDON MERCURY under Mr. Scott-James' editorship, and its last as a separate publication. In the May number it will be incorporated in LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY.

EQUILIBRIUM
by James Bridie
may be read as a very interesting sequel to E. M. Forster's "Credo" in last September's LONDON MERCURY.

W. H. AUDEN
A series of poems "In memory of W. B. Yeats."

THE CITY OF FOUMBAN
by George L. Steer
A characteristic travel sketch based on episodes in Mr. Steer's recent adventures in Africa.

THE IMPORTANCE OF W. H. AUDEN
by Stephen Spender
Mr. Spender explains the mystery of his fellow poet.

MAJOR POETS AND MINOR
by Herbert Palmer

SHORT STORIES
V. S. Pritchett : Gerald Hanley : W. E. Purcell

OTHER POEMS by Edmund Blunden, Edwin Muir, Lord Gorell, Lloyd Frankenberg.

Portraits done for THE LONDON MERCURY of James Bridie (by Mervyn Peake) and J. B. S. Haldane (by Theodore Brenson) with other features in photogravure and line.

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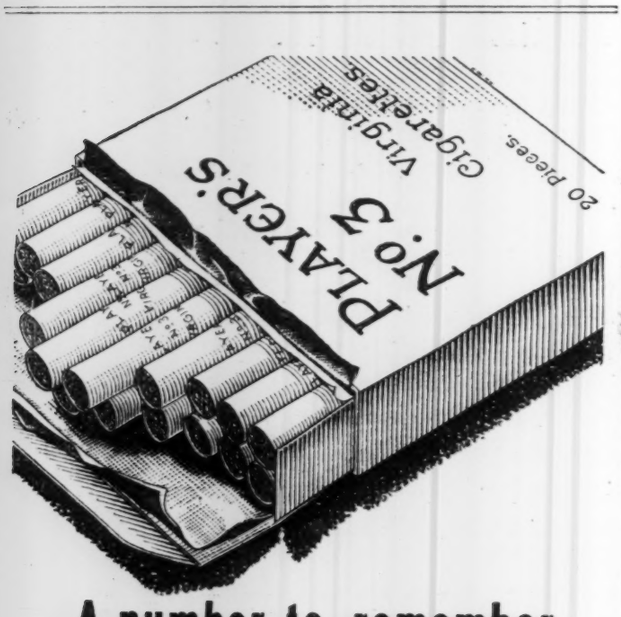
of society, here is a substantial reason why the Haves cling to empire and the Have-Nots struggle to win it. Mass-emigration is impossible in the tropics, but the dependent Empire does, none the less, furnish under enviable conditions a field of emigration for a far from negligible part of the class that exerts the decisive influence in the politics of all the Powers that enjoy or aspire to empire.

The next stage of the argument is common ground to all progressives, though few of them dare to draw the honest conclusion. To retain our rights of ownership over the lives of coloured men is ethically indecent. It follows that we ought neither to cling to our exclusive possession of these colonies, nor to hand them over as an estate to Germany. On this subject, as also in his analysis of the nature of Fascism, Mr. Barnes has written some chapters of moving eloquence. His own solution is boldly and with the minimum of transitional delay to concede independence to the dependent Empire. India, he argues, might at once exercise the right of self-determination through a constituent assembly. The African colonies might be ripe for independence, after some twenty years of education and training.

Mr. Barnes is triumphantly right in treating India as the crux of the problem. It is the keystone of the whole imperial arch. To grant it self-determination would be an act of faith and justice that would transform world-politics. It would herald, whatever transitional expedients we might adopt elsewhere, the end of imperialism. It would imply, however, a change in the balance of class-power at home that is not yet easy to imagine. Again it would be workable only if the Western democratic Powers had with the Soviet created some quasi-federal alliance or a reconstructed League which an independent India might enter. Mr. Barnes treats much too lightly the danger of conquest to which India would be exposed. Fascism knows how to utilise the divisions within a people which it proposes to subdue. Just as it used the jealousy of Slovaks against Czechs, so it would play on the rivalry of Moslems and Hindoos. This is no reason for rejecting Mr. Barnes's policy but rather for overcoming the evident obstacles betimes.

Though Mr. Barnes knows Africa intimately, it seems to the present writer sanguine to suppose that independence could be reached there in twenty years. The devastating account that Mr. Barnes himself gives of the decay of the African social structure, the abysmal poverty and the decline of population tells against the hopes of any progress quite so rapid. In some colonies the provision even for the most elementary education reaches only from five to ten per cent. of the children. Nor is it easy to follow Mr. Barnes in his total rejection of any international elements in the solution. In a useful and lucidly honest chapter he points out that there is much confusion of thought among those who advocate internationalism under a revised mandate system. Some of them mean what he calls "inter-imperialism," a partnership, that is to say, among the leading capitalistic Powers for the joint exploitation of Africans. Any development on the lines of the Van Zeeland report might lessen imperial rivalries, but it promises no good to Africans. But to reject internationalism on this account, even as an interim stage, is surely to empty out the baby with the bath-water. The mandate idea may have originated in hypocrisy but it is capable of an honest evolution. The stress that Mr. Barnes lays on the motive of middle-class employment in imperialism might well have led him to consider the wisdom of throwing open the civil service of all the dependent colonies to candidates of all nations, including qualified Africans. That plan would be workable, however, only if the candidates were educated together from a fairly early age. Finally, it seems to us that Mr. Barnes's immediate programme for Africa, which rightly stresses education and the grant of civil rights, is weak on the economic side. May not the key lie in the ending of such exploitation as he has exposed? A good plan might be to create disinterested trading trusts, which might organise African farming as far as possible on a co-operative basis. Their capital might be raised on the international money market, but it should pay only a fixed rate of interest. Profits should be handed back to finance the social services for the benefit of Africans. They, as they gained experience, should be taken into the governing boards of these concerns.

These are qualifications which should be considered before we adopt Mr. Barnes's policy as a whole. They do not lessen the value of his book. It combines exact information with a gift of persuasive eloquence—two things that rarely go together. Even more unusual is the unflinching honesty that carries him from his survey of the facts to his conclusions. This book deserves to be widely read and debated with respect. H. N. BRAILSFORD



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A WRITER'S FAITH

Civil Journey. By STORM JAMESON. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

At the end of this sincere and moving book, Miss Storm Jameson adds a biographical fragment. She tells us how she began to write as a girl during the last war, completing the manuscript in all sorts of odd moments and finally finding a sympathetic publisher. The publisher's reader advised that the writer, whom he assumed to be a man, showed promise; "he can write and is worth watching." Miss Storm Jameson comments "the man could *not* write. Being denied other uses for his mind he fell into the habit of writing." It may be that Miss Storm Jameson was born with no very peculiar gifts as a novelist, but, as she shows in this collection of essays, she acquired unusual capacities as a critical observer of her time and generation. The truth of the matter is that writers are not born, and that the ink in which all good literature is written is made of blood and sweat. Without intensive labour, without a sincerity which hurts like childbearing, no really good book is ever born. Several of Storm Jameson's essays discuss the question of how in the circumstances of recent years, when it has been almost easy to make money by popular books, the essential honesty and objectivity can be maintained. She sees two grave dangers to letters. The first is the easy commercialism which often betrays the author into satisfaction with the second best, while it starves those who do not study passing taste; the second is the advancing barbarism whose success would crush and outlaw honest thinking. How in these circumstances are writers to avoid *la trahison des clercs*? The clerk, she says, "should take fresh vows of poverty, chastity and disobedience." He must fight for just causes. "But for him to put his free intelligence into the uniform of a private soldier is mere indulgence. He may surrender to a party, to be used, his time, his energy, his wits, but if he surrenders with them his writer's honesty he might as well hang himself."

The thread on which this book hangs is the time at which it was written. During the days in last September when peace and

Company Meeting

PROVINCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRES

THE 29th annual ordinary general meeting of the shareholders of Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Ltd., was held on March 31st in London.

Mr. Mark Ostrer (chairman and managing director), who presided, said (in part): The net profit for the year including income from investments and Transfer fees is £516,350. I think you will agree that there is every cause for satisfaction, especially in view of the general recession in trade and the international crisis during 1938. Adding the amount brought forward from last year, namely, £121,149, there is available for distribution £637,499. Deducting from this figure the amounts appropriated to reserve for Income Tax and National Defence Contribution, Depreciation reserve and Debenture Stock Sinking Fund, and the dividends totalling £202,500 on the Preference and Preferred Ordinary shares as shown in the Accounts, there remains a balance of £270,259 out of which your Directors recommend the payment of the following dividends :—A dividend of 15 per cent. on the Ordinary shares requiring £75,000. A further dividend of $1\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. (making a total of $9\frac{3}{8}$ per cent. for the year) on the Cumulative Participating Preferred Ordinary shares, requiring £37,500. A further dividend of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Ordinary shares (making a total of $22\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the year) requiring £37,500.

The payment of these dividends will leave a balance of £120,259 to be carried forward.

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To meet the competition which will undoubtedly arise, as a result of the entertainment which will be available to the users of television in the home, it will become necessary to equip other theatres as soon as possible. Owing to the foresight of the Gaumont-British Corporation in associating themselves with Baird Television, we are in the fortunate position of being able to obtain early deliveries of the big screen apparatus manufactured by that Company.

I feel sure, that given reasonable conditions and a restoration of confidence, your Company will continue to show satisfactory results.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

EQUITY & LAW LIFE ASSURANCE

THE RT. HON. SIR DENNIS HERBERT'S ADDRESS

The annual general meeting of the Equity and Law Life Assurance Society was held on April 4th in London.

The Right Hon. Sir Dennis Herbert, K.B.E., M.P. (the chairman), said that in all the six completed years in which he had been chairman prior to the year now under review, the new business of the Society had shown a substantial increase. In 1938, the new business had shown a decrease. He did not think they need be unduly depressed by last year's results. Their total funds had increased last year by £2,719,159 from £28,117,742 to £30,836,901. Claims by death were well within the expectation and had resulted in a substantial profit, as did all claims arising by maturity. Their rate of interest was £4 8s. per cent. net; that was lower than last year, but was about 2d. higher than the average for the last two valuation periods (eight years), notwithstanding the increased rate of income tax and N.D.C.

I should like to refer briefly to the history and results of recent years, and our resulting present position. In the short period from 1932 to the end of 1938 out total funds (in round figures) have increased from £10,000,000 to £30,000,000: this increase is large; our comparatively small and unimportant business has grown in seven years to one of substantial size and importance; the profits of an assurance business arise mainly from the excess of income earned over the interest assumed for calculation of liabilities; our average rate of income earned in those years has been more than 1 per cent. above the assumed rate, but taking an excess of 1 per cent. only we can look for an annual business profit from this source alone in this and subsequent years of at least £300,000 per annum, without taking into account other sources of profit, such as profit on reversions falling in, profit on favourable mortality experience, and other items.

The large increase of new business necessarily involves an additional burden on the fund during the period of increase. It will be seen, therefore, that new business causes a temporary reduction, or at least postponement, of profits.

In recent years investment business had admittedly been exceptionally difficult. It had been the deliberate policy of the board to invest a substantial portion of their funds in carefully selected ordinary stocks and shares.

That had to some extent contributed to what they hoped was only a temporary depreciation resulting from market conditions at the end of 1938. They hoped that before the next valuation date (December 31st, 1940) that depreciation would have been wiped off.

The report was adopted.

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war seemed to sway in the balance, Miss Storm Jameson put these essays together, adding an apology for her life at the beginning, an autobiographical fragment at the end and notes which show the evolution of her thought and her constant pre-occupation with this question of sustaining a writer's honesty amid the clash of conflicting faiths. Her chapter on visits to Germany in the days before Hitler she calls "City to Let", and in these days it is no bad thing to remind ourselves of the appalling conditions for which we were responsible and from which the fanaticism of the Nazi party arose. One sees in this chapter the picture of a society toppling in any case to catastrophe, and those who can read it or several of her other essays on "Patriotism," the "Defence of Freedom" and the "Twilight of Reason," are made of tough stuff if they hope for good results from a repressive peace. War has brought us all a lowering of standards and destroyed, whether we are actually shooting each other or not, the greatest essential of civilisation—the absence of fear. She writes: "I should like to say something of my happiness. I am thankful that I was alive during the short exquisite flowering of life in the last year or two before the war. If you were not there, you cannot imagine what it was like. Never to have known anything about war, and so never to have feared." And she has retained, perhaps partly through memory of that period of intellectual excitement and uninhibited hope of social reformation, what may be perhaps the most important of all the lessons of life. If civilisation were to break down, she says, the writer's first duty must be "to keep alive in his own brain. It will seem to him when he dies that it has not been any use. That scarcely matters." That is the truth. We are all deluded by beliefs and fears about the future. Progress itself may be an illusion; that certain things are valuable in themselves whatever form society takes is an eternal truth. In the Dark Ages Boethius was valuable and would have been valuable still if his manuscript had been lost with the rest.

K. M.

LONDON PRIDE

History of the London County Council, 1889-1939. By SIR GWILYM GIBBON and REGINALD W. BELL. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

This is really an official biography of the London County Council, and it might easily have been as colourless as official biographies usually are. It goes without saying that a book commissioned by the Council itself must be free from political bias, but the authors—one a former Assistant Secretary of the Ministry of Health, and the other a former Assistant Clerk of the Council—are not afraid to point out weaknesses or make suggestions, and they have performed the miracle of making a record of municipal administration and achievement intensely interesting and in parts even exciting; not without a touch of humour here and there.

This work of nearly 700 pages is both a history and a cyclopedia. In the historical sketch of the development of local government in London, a tribute is paid to the Metropolitan Board of Works which, although it expired under the stigma of mild corruption, was not so bad as is generally believed. To it London owes its main drainage system, the Thames embankments, numerous major street improvements, the Blackwall Tunnel, Woolwich Ferry and, ironically enough, the foundations of a sound financial policy.

From the beginning the Council proved a suitable field for the Fabian policy of permeation. In the year of its establishment there appeared the famous "Facts for Londoners," written by Sidney Webb, who became a member of the Council three years later; and members of the Fabian Society have played a prominent part in the work of the Council ever since.

The authors weigh up the merits and demerits of the Party system, and come to the conclusion that, "It is the common experience that a party of men, combining enthusiastically as a team, is of greater value than the unrelated performances of brilliant individuals." The Progressives dominated the Council for the first eighteen years, after which the Moderates held office for a spell of twenty-seven years. On two occasions Conservative Prime Ministers have entered the lists against the advanced parties—Lord Salisbury in 1894, and Earl Baldwin in 1937—their intervention on each occasion proving fruitless. It is interesting to note that in 1919 the Progressives approached the London Labour Party with suggestions for a sort of United Front. Labour refused the offer, and the Progressive numbers fell at each election, culminating in their total disappearance in 1934. The chapters on the financial structure and system of the Council are invaluable to the student of local administration. It deserves to be widely known that at the present time no less than £1,000,000 per annum expenditure on capital works is being met out of income, so that to this extent posterity is being relieved rather than burdened. The authors suggest that the Council might follow the example of some of the Northern authorities by taking mortgage loans, large or small, over the counter, a system which has the advantage of encouraging local thrift and developing local civic spirit. That Londoners are not disinclined to this procedure was shown by the success of the Housing Bond issues.

In the final section of their book, the authors draw attention to the fact that while the Council in its early days was chiefly concerned with material conditions and wished to move towards the ownership of public utilities, its actual development has been in the direction of personal services which would have horrified the sturdy individualism of many of the old Progressive councillors. "It is hard," they say, "to resist the conclusion that the Council has become the most profound and powerful single influence in the social life of London. Education, health, housing, public assistance, open-air recreation, transport—these are among the boldest features in the varied pattern of London life." The chapter on Public Assistance is also of special interest, for besides showing the various stages in the break-up of the Poor Law in London, it describes the substitution of an adjudicating officer system for that of sub-committees of non-elected persons, a revolution in administration likely to be followed by most of the large authorities, and already adopted by some. Like all reforming bodies, the London County Council, which started its career by attacking every vested interest it could discover, was not popular and never had a good press. It was not helped by the unnecessary degree of austerity which characterised it, and this is commented upon as follows:

> The Council, with its steadfast refusal even to grant its Chairman an allowance for civic entertainment, its disdain of such symbols of civic pride as a coat-of-arms and its almost self-righteous abnegation of outward form, found little sympathy in the heart of the average Londoner and started itself quite needlessly on a long term of public indifference, at times amounting to unpopularity; the Council missed a unique opportunity for the inspiration of civic pride.

Twenty-five years were to elapse before the Council applied for a coat-of-arms, and it is only since the advent of a Labour majority that that has become generally displayed on the Council's buildings and vehicles as part of a general scheme to let the public know what it gets for its money, a development for which the writer may claim some credit. These matters are of more importance than may at first sight appear, and the scornful attitude towards them adopted by some advanced people is not justified. The status of the Council could not well be referred to in a semi-official publication, but may be mentioned here. At the numerous functions and ceremonies which are necessary, even in the most democratic countries, the Council was not invariably allotted the part to which its position as main governing body of the capital of the Empire entitled it. Not until 1928 was the Chairman granted permission to wear his collar of office (suggested in 1909, but instituted and presented by a member only in 1926) at Court functions, and it was not until 1935 on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee that the title of Rt. Hon. was granted to the office of Chairman, thus bringing it into line with that of the Lord Mayor. President Lebrun's visit to County Hall last month was the first occasion on which the head of a foreign State had thus honoured the Council, and constitutes an important precedent. It should be added that during Lord Snell's tenure of office, the rigours of Court etiquette were considerably relaxed in favour of occupants of the Chair.

The authors are to be complimented upon a very fine achievement (excellently illustrated by the way, with a quite extraordinary map showing the growth of Greater London) which is likely to be the standard work of its kind until the next Jubilee celebration.

A. EMIL DAVIES

Wellington in Civil Life: Through the Eyes of Those Who Knew Him. By MURIEL WELLESLEY. *Constable.* 18*s.*

A great-grand-niece of the Duke, Miss Muriel Wellesley has already devoted one book to his career up to 1818: the present volume deals with the last thirty-four years of this life. Its value depends chiefly upon the author's pertinacity in digging out a vast number of contemporary comments and anecdotes. Unfortunately, family feeling makes her too undiscriminating an advocate. She praises the Duke as "door-keeper or stemmer of the tide." "The world needed a strong

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J. S. MUIRHEAD,
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THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES (University of London) invites applications from British-born subjects for a Senior Lectureship in Turkish at a salary of £450 per annum, duties to commence at the earliest possible date. Applications, which may be accompanied by three testimonials, should state age, qualifications and experience. A form of application may, if desired, be obtained from the SECRETARY, School of Oriental and African Studies, Vandon Street, London, S.W.1, who should receive all applications not later than May 5th, 1939.

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Representatives are required to further the work of the Institute in India. Qualifications: experience in the teaching of English as a foreign language, literary and lecturing ability, personality and adaptability. Knowledge of Basic English desirable but not essential. Three years' contract. Salary Rs. 1,000 p.m. Write, giving details of career, to Overseas Department, The Orthological Institute, 45 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

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LADY DENTIST (41), sister (37) experienced housekeeping cooking, desperate position Vienna, seek domestic or other employment England. Maynard, 18 Gilston Road, S.W.10.

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door-keeper at that period, for it was not ready for that change of system which is now slowly but surely coming into being." In fact the Duke was violently opposed to the three great measures of his time —the Catholic Emancipation Act, the Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws. In each case he eventually sacrificed his convictions to preserve internal peace, and by his practical wisdom thus broke the opposition to these Acts. But it is hardly a sign of political acumen to give way only when a revolution seems imminent. The Duke's honesty, modesty, generosity and general good sense were extraordinary, and he had the gift of style, being able, as Augustine Birrell said, "to stamp both his speech and bearing with the indefinable mark of greatness." Miss Wellesley describes his peculiar relations with "Miss J.," and does not conceal the unhappiness of his married life. But she slightly glosses his connection with Mrs. Arbuthnot, and does not so much as mention Harriette Wilson. If she had ventured to show a little less piety and more detachment, her book would probably have proved more popular as well as more valuable; and she would thus have succeeded better in bringing home to the public the remarkable and fascinating character of her illustrious relation.

The Call of the Siren. By ALEXANDER POLOVTSOFF. *Selwyn and Blunt.* 10s. 6d.

Odysseus waxed his ears to resist the call of these sirens to which M. Polovtsoff has given himself up wholeheartedly. The most famous of the siren sisters was Parthenope, and she is hoped to have been buried in Naples; thus this book is a connoisseur's findings in that city, written with a collector's rapacious love for his subject. Most books stop short at Pompeii or Vesuvius, but this one goes further and further into the back-reaches of statuary, memory and legend, sorts out the kingdom's independence from the thicket of political intrigue, and then runs both concurrently, showing the influence of the Angevin rulers on its art. The remarkable Queen Joanna, a real queen, with assassins, sinister cousins and innumerable lovers, is given a chapter where for the first time the truth is sifted from the fog of legend. The number of husbands and cousins are at first sight confusing, but this is pioneer work. M. Polovtsoff writes in the way one would like to have been taught at school, with an easy informative flow, that leads up to the historical and geographical landmarks; sceptical where one would like to be, yet lacking the necessary courage, and attracts immediately by his own clear mind and interest. It is a pity that such a satisfying book, which is one to read whether or no you've any intention of going to Naples, should have been filled with the dullest and most unimaginative half-tone illustrations, and bound so unattractively.

Week-end Competitions

No. 475

Set by John Mair

Garrick gained some notoriety by changing the ending of *Lear* to suit the taste of his own age. The usual prizes are offered for similar alterations (of not more than 300 words) to the ends of *Lear*, *Hamlet* or *Othello*, to suit the tastes either of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Noel Coward, Auden-and-Isherwood, the *Daily Mirror* or of the B.B.C. (for broadcasting, and so as not to offend anyone's susceptibilities). It may be noted that Garrick did his best to reproduce the Bard's own style, though not with any marked success.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 14th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 473

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Rhetoric is an abandoned art in English prose and verse, yet the times are very favourable to it. I have met, for instance, nothing approaching the American translation of a poem on the Panama Canal, which began: "Hail, interoceanic canal!" I suggest a revival of the manner in some twenty lines of verse. The poet should address his wireless or television set. The usual prizes will be given.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

Quality and Quantity (as the popular restaurants advertise) were the pleasant characteristic of the entries to this competition. It is gratifying to have eased the bursting and repressed desires for rhetorical expression in so many people; we live, as I suspected and Mr. Chas. Furbank confirms, in a world of "high heterodyning"—whatever that may be. Naturally, one had great expectations of apostrophic first lines. L. V. Upwards' "Bevalvèd robot!" was good. So was Mr. Hibbert's "Ether's Empress." Cassandra Rollin's "Murmurous vestibule" was an even better joke on the precincts of poetry, but I felt that Uplift's "Thou Box!" beat the lot. After beginnings one turns to the final chords. There was the stark, staring bathos of the "Oh God! Oh Montreal" order in this crescendo by Pithecus:

> Oh vast aerial transmitting tower!
> O B.B.C.! O Alexandra Palace.

And there was L. V. Upward's appalling epitaph: "He loved his radio." Between beginnings and ends was a great traffic jam of rhetoric and epigram. Mr. Carritt was the outstanding success with the latter:

> Marconi spake: the air gave up its dead

and with his final sniff of satisfaction:

> . . . I must be proud to see
> Men not switched off by God, switched off by me.

Mr. C. J. L. Price got the pleasantest adjective of the collection with his "Close bosom friend of the maturing Duce" and a clever entry by E. M. Hibbert developed the suburban theme and hit the perfect definition and the perfect rhyme:

> Now twixt Van Gogh and twig be-dizened jar,
> Thou art enthroned, thyself an *objet d'art*.

Pibwob, Broadbent, G. F. Plant, D. Rintoul, Cassandra Rollin, Allan M. Laing, L. V. Upward, E. F. Carritt, P. Thornhill and E. M. Hibbert were in my finals. Mr. Hibbert really defined broadcasting once and for all in "Thou Clapham Junction of the Vast Inane," but I felt that Patrick Thornhill's entry carried it off most wittily, while Cassandra Rollin led the phalanx who took the job seriously. So Mr. Thornhill has the first prize and Cassandra Rollin the second.

FIRST PRIZE

Hence loathèd Aphony
  Of Cerebrum and oily Midnight born . . .
But come, thou Goddess loud and free,
In Greece nam'd Heterodyne,
And by us, fair Radio,
Whom Electra, at one go
With Tele-Graph and -Vision bore
To old flag-wagging Semaphore;
Or whether (as Technicians swear)
The Wave that wantons through the Air
Is by Aërial waylaid
And instantly by him convey'd
To bower of Thermione.
There—O wanton, fie on ye!—
Ere he 'scapes to wat'ry Earth
Radio is brought to birth.
  Haste thee nymph, and bring to me
Perpetual Variety,
Sport and Play and Dance and Swing,
Gloomy Silence banishing. . . .

P. THORNHILL

SECOND PRIZE

TO THE WIRELESS

Hail, superheterodyne power!
That sweep'st on fluorescent screen to find
A thousand thirsts appeased! O unconfin'd
Cathodes! murmurous vestibule! the key
To Ether's voice, to dead Eternity,
New sounds commingling from Golconda's cave,
As ebbing air dissolves from wave to wave.
Tremulous, the labyrinth diffuses
On pinions of flame enchanted muses,
Beneath thy magnet spell, atoms intrigued
By earth's splenetic fire and space are leagued.
This mighty consummation! made by man,
Who, discontented since the world began
Chains Elements. O Solitude! indeed,
I must without thee dwell. Take gentle heed
Of whisp'ring empyrean; for, on high
God's laugh! in coerulean sky.
O ye electrostatic Vulcan's dream
Your oscillations, magic though they seem,
May not compare to potency of song
Of birds, of trees, pavilion'd boughs among
Which spicy fannings of the breeze, take flight
And perfumes ascend with slumbrous night
In mists, to Heav'n, to echo in Oblivion.

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GARRICK. The Mother. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

LYRIC. Little Ladyship. Wed. & Thurs.

MERCURY. The Playboy. Sat.

OLD VIC. Taming of the Shrew Thurs., Sat.

PALACE. Under Your Hat. Wed., Sat.

PRINCES. When We Are Married. Wed., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Dear Octopus. Wed. & Sat.

SADLER'S WELLS. Opera & Ballet. Sat.

ST. JAMES. Geneva. Wed. & Sat.

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Rates and all information on page 553

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"Which of whom?" said Mr. Surd-Cipher. (Though, of course, he knew perfectly well what Triggo's question implied.)

"Why, sir, Vector and myself. You told us a long time ago it would be one or the other of us."

Surd-Cipher grinned. "My own view is that the Exhibition should be yours. Most of those concerned in its award are of the same opinion. Nevertheless, Triggo, there's a minority in favour of Vector."

"What are we to do then, sir? Take an examination?"

"No," said Surd-Cipher. "We're going to leave the destination of the award to the arbitrament of chance."

He took a folded paper from his pocket book.

"Here, my dear Triggo, is the exact procedure. Four wooden dice will be constructed—the school workshop has the job in hand already—identical in size and weight. Each face of each dice will be painted either red or blue. The painting must be so carried out that, if the dice are shaken and thrown at random, it is five times as likely that all four will have a red face uppermost as it is that all four will have a blue face uppermost."

"And red——" said Triggo excitedly—

"—Is your colour. Quite right," said Mr. Surd-Cipher. "But that doesn't mean, you know, that the odds on your getting the Exhibition will be five to one on you."

"No, sir," said Triggo. His face fell a little. "No, I suppose it doesn't. No, of course not, sir. It's not likely that, when the dice are thrown, all four faces will be of a single colour."

"Exactly, Triggo. Let me continue, then, with my explanation. If four red faces, or three red faces and a blue, appear, the Exhibition will be yours. If four blue faces, or three blue faces and a red, it will be Vector's. If two faces of each colour, the dice must be thrown again."

"Well, sir," said Triggo, having digested this information. "I'm grateful to you. You've done the best you can for me, I'm sure."

"I have indeed," answered Surd-Cipher. "Your kind comment anticipates what I was just about to tell you. I've persuaded them to let you paint the dice."

How did Triggo colour the faces of the four dice?

PROBLEM 325.—RECURRENCE OF THE OLD COMPLAINT

Mr. G. J. Pitt's solution:

$$\frac{1}{157} = \dot{0}63\ 694\ 267\ 515\ 923\ 566\ 878\ 980\ 891\ 719\ 745\ 222$$
$$\quad\ A\ B\ C\ D\ E\ F\ G\ H\ I\ J\ K\ L$$

$$929\ 936\ 305\ 732\ 484\ 076\ 433\ 121\ 019\ 108\ 280\ 254$$
$$M\ N\ O\ P\ Q\ R\ S\ T\ U\ V\ W\ X$$

$$777\ 070\ (\dot{0}63\ \ldots\ \text{recurs})$$
$$Y\ Z$$

Hence:						
equals:	929 M	063 A	515 D	980 H	063 A	121 T
	121 T	923 E	076 R	433 S	121 T	923 E
	063 A	732 P	063 A	076 R	121 T	777 Y

i.e., *Mad Hatter's Tea Party.*

CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

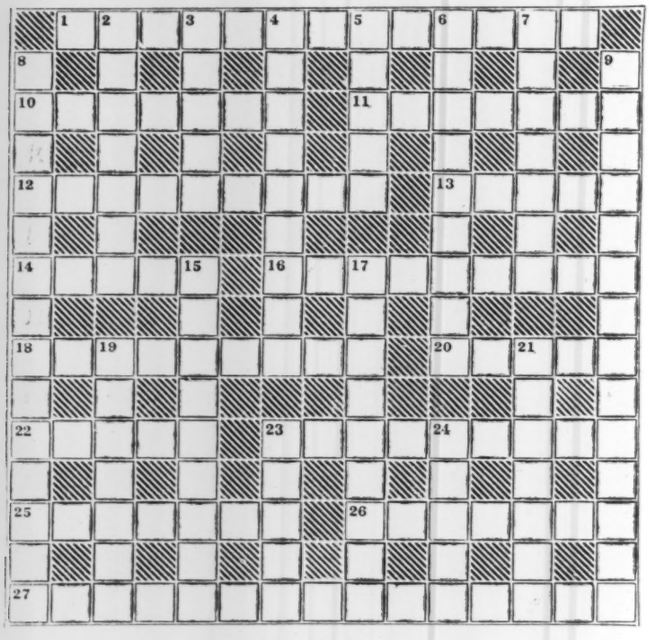
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 474

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Clare Cornford,
Conduit Head, Madingley Road, Cambridge

ACROSS

1. The most in-port-ant person (13)
10. Such words are noted for ceremonial use. (7)
11. Quality of the N.U.R. Dept. (7)
12. Of course he runs as a competitor. (9)
13. The heart is disturbed. (5)
14. Turn them aside. (5)
16. Black looks did not repel her. (9)
18. Sweet number. (9)
20. It turns it bad. (5)
22 (rev). Bad health in the French explains it. (5)
23. Oddly enough it does not go ahead in the Royal Navy. (9)
25. Reverse the vehicle before you come to the hill. (7)
26. Describes the state of the Papacy. (7)
27. Carapace enthusiasts. (15)

DOWN

2. Thing that begins with itself. (7)
3. Where judges wood work of course (5)
4. Wotton's lower side. (9)
5. Wood for me and my pal. (5)
6. Points of a waterproof hat (9)
7. "Silver" plate. (7)
8. Cover—not up but down. (14)
9. The Tempest with emphasis. (14)
15. Clad in only a vest. (9)
17. At present I'm entirely concealing my feelings. (9)
19. Toil in the Vac (7)
21. Takes off that are certainly killing. (7)
23. Half a footballer. (5)
24. A couple of hundred in our embrace. (5)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	R	O	S	S	B	R	E	E	D	■	O	M	E	N
A	■	U	■	U	■	E	■	S	■	O	■	A	■	E
N	U	T	M	E	G	S	■	T	R	I	P	L	E	T
D	■	W	■	■	■	E	■	E	■	L	■	I	■	S
L	I	E	■	P	A	R	C	E	L	P	O	S	T	■
E	■	A	■	A	■	V	■	M	■	A	■	O	■	K
E	N	R	O	L	L	E	D	■	F	I	N	N	A	N
N	■	■	■	M	■	D	■	B	■	N	■	■	■	O
D	I	C	K	E	Y	■	T	A	R	T	A	R	I	C
S	■	A	■	R	■	S	■	C	■	E	■	H	■	K
■	D	R	E	S	S	M	A	K	E	R	■	I	N	K
O	■	P	■	T	■	O	■	A	■	■	■	Z	■	N
P	E	A	C	O	C	K	■	C	Y	C	L	O	N	E
A	■	R	■	N	■	E	■	H	■	O	■	M	■	E
L	A	K	E	■	G	R	E	E	N	S	W	A	R	D

Holiday Suggestions

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way (formerly Hart Street), W.C.1. Telephones and free electric heating in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner, 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

LAKES. Beautiful Buttermere, "VICTORIA," leading hotel between Honister Pass and Cockermouth. Swiss balconies. Electricity; h. and c. Unique grounds. Telephone: 2. (Reduced terms.)

NEW FOREST. Small Guest House. Friendly atmosphere. Peaceful surroundings. Tennis. Riding. Lovely country. LEONARD, The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: 2168.

MID-CORNWALL. Accommodation, 2 *gns.* weekly. All farmhouse produce; early post; close to buses, trains and beaches. BURDEN, Treningle Farmhouse, Bodmin.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House, Claremont Road. Facing south and sea. Central heating, gas fires and h. and c. water in bedrooms. Vegetarian.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA. Homely board-residence. Two *guineas* weekly. Ideal quiet holiday or convalescence. Bracing but mild maximum sunshine. York House 29 Cantelupe Road.

WEST SOMERSET, between Minehead and Dulverton; superior farmhouse accommodation; stag-hunting; hacks for hire; rough shooting; fishing. Inclusive. Box 4526.

KENT. Restful accommodation. Old-world village. Main services, constant hot water, efficient catering. Garage. 'Phone: 252. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden.

KILDARE. Grand riding holiday. Fishing. Terms: £2 10s. MRS. DIX, Lios Cluana, Kilcullen, Co. Kildare.

BENBECULA, DITCHLING, SUSSEX. Small Guest House. Delightful position facing Downs. H. & C. in all rooms. Moderate terms. Telephone: Hassocks 146.

EXMOOR (Southern Slopes). A small country inn, fully licensed, for those who value absolute quiet and lovely surroundings. Good trout fishing in River Yeo close by. Riding. Good beds, excellent cooking. THE BLACK COCK HOTEL, Molland, nr. South Molton, Devon. Tel.: Bishops Nympton 72.

COME along to NORTH WALES, where mountains run down to the sea. Come and sun-bathe on golden sands; 28 resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Climbing, bathing, fishing, sailing, all sports and amusements. 2*d.* stamp for Guide, Dept. 11, Llanfairfechan. Cheap fares by L.M.S.

TORQUAY, Howden Court Hotel. 4 minutes to sea by private path, garden, attractive sun lounge. Private sitting rooms and private bathrooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel. 280711.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126

ASHDOWN FOREST. The Clock House, Nutley, Sussex. A delightful home; 14 bedrooms, hot and cold running water, private bathrooms, electric light. Large peaceful garden. Tennis. Own vegetables, chickens and eggs. Good cooking. Efficient service. Garage. Golf and riding. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

WENSLEYDALE, one mile Aysgarth. Guest House for energetic or restful holidays. Near moors. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, near Leyburn, Yorks.

QUIET Sussex Coast. Pett Level, near Hastings. To let furnished. Modern, all-electric bungalow on beach. Just built. Lounge (brick fireplace), 3 bedrooms (6 beds and h. and c. lav. basins). Kitchen, bathroom, sep. lav. Garage. Accessible flat roof and large verandahs. Beeston boiler, Immersion heater, power points all rooms. Bus terminus ½ minute. Post Office and stores 2 minutes. Golf. Hastings and Rye. Public hard tennis court immed. opposite. Terms: 2½ to 6 *gns.* per week. No plate or linen. Apply: 122 Pampisford Road, Purley. 'Phone: UPL. 0061.

ROYAL PIER HOTEL, SANDOWN. Fully licensed. A.A., R.A.C. On the Sea Front. H. & C. all rooms. Centre of Sandown's beautiful Bay. Excellent Cuisine and Cellar. Garage. First-class Hotel at moderate terms. Illustrated Tariff on application to MANAGER. Telephone: Sandown 87.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

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CORNWALL. Comfortable Guest House in unspoilt Cornish village. Modern conveniences. Sea and country. Excellent cuisine. Yachting, boating, bathing, fishing. MISS GARLAND, Wellside, Polruan-by-Fowey.

ENGLISH LAKES
LANGDALE ESTATE offers unique and varied accommodation amidst 25 acres of private grounds situated in this beautiful Lakeland valley. Furnished cottages, guest house, sleeping cabins and the new Pillar Hotel. Illustrated booklet (N.): MANAGER, Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, nr. Ambleside.

GLORIOUS Cotswolds. Langston Arms Hotel Kingham. Convenient centre rail or road. Modernised throughout. Excellent cuisine. Terms from 3 *guineas*.

"RED TILES," Vegetarian Cottage Guest House in Sussex Weald. 65 High Street, Three Bridges.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Country house, mains water, H. & C., electric light, indoor sanitation, 23 acres, own sea shore, safe bathing, sunbathing enclosures, tennis. Brochure (stamp) N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, I.O.W.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

LAKELAND. Buttermere Valley. NELSON, Low House, Crummockwater, Cockermouth, Cumberland. 3 *gns.* weekly. 'Phone: Lorton 240.

TO LET FURNISHED, delightful little detached house on the Downs, Saltdean; sleep 5. Garage, garden. Sea 7 mins. Riding. 42 Sellons Avenue, London, N.W.10.

SALISBURY
THE OLD MILL HOTEL AND RESTAURANT at West Harnham.
Patronised by artists and men of letters.
Terms from 3½ *gns.* a week. Apply MANAGER.

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THAXTED, Essex. The Priory, XVII century guest house. Comfortable, modernised (central heating, electricity, telephone). Great historic interest. 2½ *guineas* weekly.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

TORQUAY. Hotel Villa Como, St. Luke's Road. Lovely sea views, h. and c. in bedrooms; garage; table tennis. Terms: 2 *gns.* weekly.

MODERN HOTEL, overlooking sea. White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Rottingdean 9614.

SOMERSET, Mendips. Anglo-French family take guests, 17th Cent. farmhouse, re-opening Easter. Tariff from 2½ *gns.* SUZANNE LAVER, Wyndhams House, Shepton Mallet, 57.

WYE VALLEY. Guest House and Craft Industry. Vegetarian diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Mon.

ASHDOWN FOREST, Limes Hotel, Nutley. Tel. 3. R.A.C., h. and c., electric fires, central heating, golf, tennis, riding. From 3½ *gns.*

XVIth-CENTURY Cottage Guest House. Beautiful country. Near sea. NEALE, Loders, Bridport.

DONEGAL. Glenbay Hotel, Malinmore. Bracing sea and mountain air. Unrivalled cliffs. Good bathing. Fishing. Excellent cuisine. Apply CUNNINGHAM.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON, South Devon Coast. "Mountway" Guest House. Modern comfort. Ordinary or vegetarian diet.

W. SUSSEX XVth-cent. Guest House. Warm, comfortable. Downs, ideal walking centre. ALLUM, Thatched Eaves, Bignor, Pulborough (Sutton 220.)

HINDHEAD. Comfortable apartments, near church and moors. Highly recommended. BOND, Hillside, Hindhead.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse, board-residence. Near sea and golf. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

GEORGIAN Farmhouse offers ideal holiday in unspoilt country 13 miles Eastbourne. 300 acres, rough shooting, golf, tennis, riding. 3½ *gns.* BATTEN, Cralle Place, Vines Cross, Sussex. Tel.: Horeham Rd. 2.

SPECIALIST SUMMER TOURS TO U.S.S.R. for Lawyers, Educationists, Students, Doctors, Schoolboys and Girls; also "Popular Art" and "Food Industry" parties. Dates and prices from: SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS, 98 Gower Street, London, W.C.1. (EUSton 2315.)

PARIS Vme, Hotel and Pension Alger. 8 rue des Fossés-St. Jacques. Central; heart Latin Quarter. Good rooms from 15 *frs.* daily; special monthly terms.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

BRITTANY for early summer. South Coast. Guests received modernised private house. 50 acres on sea. Tourist centre. Car. From 75 *frs.* per day. MADAME CHAUVET, Stang Bihan, Beuzec Conq. Finistère.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

TOUR to see recent educational developments in SWEDEN. Arranged by PAUL ABBATT, B.A., Cantab., 94 Wimpole Street, London, W.1. May 17th–29th, £18 12s. 6d.

SUNSHINE. Enjoy Spring with blossoming Camelias and Mimosa on shore of Lago Maggiore at PENSION RIVABELLA, BRISSAGO, SWITZERLAND. Every comfort. Pension Sw. frcs. 8 to 11. Own sunny beach, shady park. Write for prospectus.

PERSONAL service for visitors to New York World's Fair: meeting at pier; guidance and advice regarding hotels, lodgings, restaurants, taxis, sightseeing, tours, etc. Folder on request. References. Address: FAIR SERVICE, 247 82nd Street, Brooklyn, New York.

HOUSES, FLATS, PROPERTY, etc.
For Sale, To Let and Wanted

WINCHELSEA, Sussex. Well-furnished bungalow accommodating six. Ideal position. Electricity. Garage. 5 Park Avenue, N.W.11. Spe. 2248.

TO LET furnished. Small old cottage in safe, beautiful country. Electric light and cooker. MISS GOODMAN, Boat Lane, Welford-on-Avon.

SEMI-DETACHED Timber Bungalow, facing South Downs, near Storrington, Sussex. £300 Freehold. Particulars: MRS. WAGHORNE, 35 Chesswood Road, Worthing.

QUIETUDE without stagnation at Welwyn. This pleasant little place in "Homely Herts" is only half an hour from King's Cross, but it is a self-contained town with a life of its own. Living in Welwyn is healthier and more interesting than in a suburb, and you can rent a house from £66 per annum upwards. Or for sale, from £700 to £3,000. Attractive new illustrated folder free on request from N. S. WILLIAMS, the Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City. Welwyn Garden 248.

HAMPSTEAD (3 minutes Belsize Tube). Quiet s/c. first-floor flat, 2 huge rooms, kitchen, bathroom. £95 p.a. Another, third floor, £75 p.a. Apply 7 Lancaster Grove. Primrose 0160.

MAIDA VALE. Top flat, 3 large rooms, 2 bed. 1 sitting, kitchenette, all conveniences. £1 week. Box 4594.

YOUNG couple with baby wish rent or share country cottage or small house for week-ends within 50 miles London. Running water essential, riding facilities nearby advantage. Reply Box 4592.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

HOLLAND PARK. Modern rooms with breakfast, 25s. Constant hot water. Quiet house. 1 min. Central London Tube. 19 Clarendon Road. Park 7016.

CHELSEA, Oakley Court, 29 Oakley Street, S.W.3. For comfort and convenience. Exceptionally attractive large modern divan room, h. & c., 32s. 6*d.*; smaller, 22s. 6*d.* FLAXMAN 9864.

TWO rooms to let in girl's Hampstead flat—furnished or not as required. Close Belsize Park Station. Box 4606.

SCOTCH lady—well recommended—welcomes visitors and permanent guests at 65 Brook Green, London, W.6. Large sunny rooms overlooking gardens. Bed and breakfast from 5s. 6*d.* Telephone: Riverside 4053.

CULTURED Hungarian woman Liberal invites holiday paying guests in Budapest flat. Box 4616

CHARMING Bijou Guest House, newly decorated and furnished, hot and cold, garden. Rooms including breakfast, dinner, bath, light, 2 *gns.* weekly. Few minutes Marble Arch and near Tube Station. 80, Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

PARIS. French family, excellent flat, every comfort, seeks boarder to live as family, young lady or gentleman. Write SIMON, 115 Queen's Gate, S.W.7. KEN. 8388.

A BACK WITH A VIEW over lovely gardens. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s. Bed-B'fast. 37s. 6*d.* part board. Billiards. Table Tennis. FLATLETS (unfurn.), alcove basins, kitchenettes, private baths, from 18s. 6*d.* BED-SITTING rooms (unfurn.), running h. & c., from 12s. 6*d.* Catering optional. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

MARRIED COUPLE. Nice room in 19a Red Lion Square, Holborn. £3 month.

HYDE PARK. 82 Sussex Gardens, W.2. Ambassador 2941. H. and c. basins. 5s. 6*d.* nightly with breakfast, from 23s. 6*d.* weekly.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

LECTURE room (seating 80) available for social meetings, lectures, pupils' concerts, etc. For terms, apply SECRETARY, 34 Nottingham Place, W.1.

BUSTON MANOR, Hunton ('Phone: 85174), near Maidstone, Kent, for small conferences, schools, parties, etc. Moderate week-end terms. Enquiries invited.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 553

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

WALL STREET AND MAJOR ANGAS—VICKERS—THE NATIONAL ACCOUNTS

THE cause of this week's fall in the stock markets must be attributed to Wall Street rather than to Herr Hitler. For some peculiar reason Wall Street has lately been more politically minded or war-conscious than London. The peculiar reason may, of course, be Major Angas who, on returning to America after a two months' "study of European conditions," urged his clients to unload. Why Major Angas should be better informed about Germany than anyone else, seeing that he only claims to have interviewed M. Reynaud in Europe, I do not know, but it is only fair to say that he wrote his last digest before the British Government had changed its foreign policy and had decided to underwrite a non-aggression alliance. Strangely enough, Major Angas argued there would be no war because no one would fight, the dictators being, he thought, like Chicago gangsters and Great Britain like a cowardly policeman, but he anticipated that there would be a spate of war scares and that the American market would never believe that there was not going to be an actual war. Major Angas must now be regretting that he wrote anything so foolish as "John Bull's body lies 'deploring' in his grave, as Hitler goosesteps on," and I cannot believe that the American investing public is so gullible as to swallow such stuff and nonsense. War scares are a big market factor, but for Wall Street the bears are more concerned to make capital out of the absence of a spring revival of business and the failure of President Roosevelt to embrace big business on both cheeks. The material for a further improvement in American trade is not lacking but consumer sentiment is so largely governed by stock market sentiment that retail trade may well be disappointing this spring. At the moment the break in the Dow Jones index on Tuesday to 127.8, i.e., below its September 1938 low of 129.9, has made every market observer extremely bearish. If the market breaks through 120 the chartists will begin to talk of 98.9, the low point of March, 1938; in other words, they will begin to disbelieve in any idea of recovery and return to the days of the great "bear" market. This, I think, would be foolish because even if the spring recovery does not materialise, there is no reason to anticipate a slump in American trade with Government deficit spending running at around $300 millions a month.

* * *

If any investor wishes to hold an equity share as "gilt-edged" as War Loan, he can go to sleep on Vickers 10*s.* shares at 21*s.* 6*d.* yielding £4 13*s.* per cent. on its "cast iron" dividend of 10 per cent. The "official" earnings covering this dividend were 22 per cent. for the year ending December, 1938, but the real earnings, if all the profits of the subsidiary companies were disclosed, would probably be in the neighbourhood of 40 per cent. Mr. Jamieson, the chairman of the company, did, however, reveal some interesting facts in his speech to shareholders on Monday. The Vickers-Armstrong subsidiary, of which the company holds the entire share capital, increased its trading profit, thanks to its aircraft work, by £789,000 but only £361,000 of this amount was distributed to the parent company in dividends. In the current year Vickers-Armstrong will have paid off all its arrears on its "B" preference shares and will probably have declared a maiden dividend on its ordinary share capital. This, however, should not encourage shareholders of Vickers to expect an increase above their dividends of 10 per cent. Mr. Jamieson reminded shareholders that new factors were preventing an increase in gross profits from being translated into an increase in net profits, such as extra taxation, the cost of A.R.P. and staff bonuses, holidays with pay, and extra depreciation required when plant is being used to its full capacity. Moreover, although the total of cash and British Government securities is over £6,000,000 Mr. Jamieson said he would like to see a substantial increase in this figure in view of the possible financial requirements. Eventually, however, the 10*s.* shares may be written up to £1.

* * *

With the close of the Treasury's accounting year on March 31st, the market is in a better position to decide how much reliance to place on the Chancellor's guarded hint, last February, that no substantial increase would be made this year in the taxes already imposed on "a generation which is entitled to claim that it is playing its part." So far as the past two years are concerned, defence loan expenditure renders calculations of deficit or surplus on conventional lines utterly meaningless. The true position is as follows:

	Thousand £'s.	
	1937-38.	1938-39.
Ordinary Revenue ..	872,580	927,285
Ordinary Expenditure ..	833,250	926,780
Net borrowing*	25,537	127,545

* Loan expenditure for defence, *less* nominal budget surplus, sinking fund appropriations omitted.

Last year's revenue fell below Budget expectations by £17,465,000, as a result of a short fall of £5,300,000 in the yield of Income Tax and no less than £10,500,000 in Estate Duties—the latter being evidently hit by the sharp decline in security values. On the expenditure side, civil outgoings were £10,600,000 lower than final estimates (including supplementaries), while total defence expenditure amounted to £382,500,000, or £5,000,000 less than the last revised estimates.

* * *

For 1939–40, the aggregate cost of the Estimates so far published is £1,265 millions. When allowance is made for the probable expenditure involved in recent civil defence legislation, the recruitment of 200,000 more Territorials and the shipping subsidy plan, the Budget must clearly provide for £1,300 millions of outgoings—a figure which might easily be exceeded if additional agricultural subventions are enacted, or if there is a deliberate acceleration of aircraft and other armaments production. To last year's revenue of £927 millions there must be added a prospective £8 millions additional yield in a full year of last Budget's tax increases. On the other hand, it would be optimistic to expect more than £325 millions (against £336 millions) from income tax. Even if the drop in Estate Duties last year be regarded as partly fortuitous, and a rosy view be taken of the probable yield of surtax, Customs and Excise, it is difficult to see how Sir John Simon could prudently put his revenue on the existing tax basis at much over £930 millions. Thus, at best, the deficit which he will have to bridge is £370 millions, and—in the event either of further large supplementaries or a less optimistic forecast of tax yields—it may be nearer £400 millions. The Chancellor has announced his intention to borrow £350 millions. His psychology is against borrowing more, but there is a strong case for it if business activity is to be maintained.

Company Meeting

VICKERS LIMITED

The seventy-second annual general meeting of Vickers Limited was held on April 3rd in London.

Mr. A. A. Jamieson, the Chairman, who presided, said (in part): I wish to call your attention to the substantial increase in the holding of cash and British Government securities. The assets of the aviation companies were sold to Vickers-Armstrongs in order to meet the wish of the Government that the whole technical and commercial management of Vickers-Armstrongs should be available for the increased production required from our aircraft plant.

The profit and loss account shows that the profit has increased by £47,797 and, after an allocation of £100,000 to contingencies and a transfer of £350,000 to reserve, the carry-forward is increased by £84,226. The trading profits of Vickers-Armstrongs show an increase of £789,130, and of that increase £361,000 was distributed in dividends, the balance being required for higher taxation and increased depreciation. It may be illuminating if I point out that Vickers-Armstrongs, 11 years after incorporation, is still in arrears in the payment of dividend on its "B" Cumulative Preference Shares.

No doubt the stockholders will have noted that an interim dividend was declared in October. This is the first interim dividend that has been paid by this company for 19 years, and this fact indicates the difficulties involved in declaring interim dividends in a business such as ours. It is, however, the intention of the Directors to pay interim dividends so long as practicable. The chairman then dealt in detail with the progress made by Vickers-Armstrongs. He also said that 1939 should be a successful year for the English Steel Corporation, and mentioned that the Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Co. had experienced a good year. Continuing he said:

You know that our whole group is occupied as fully as the supply of skilled labour will permit; and it would be reasonable to suppose that increased turnover should lead to increased gross profits. However, my object is to remind you of new influences which tend to prevent an increase in gross profits being translated into a corresponding increase in net profits—such as extra taxation, the cost of A.R.P., etc.

Under present conditions armament manufacture must absorb the largest share of our energies. We can, however, assure you that we are not unmindful of the time when we shall have to rely in greater measure on commercial work.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and the final dividend of 6 per cent. was approved.

Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

SIR J. GEORGE BEHARREL'S ADDRESS

The Fortieth Ordinary General Meeting of the Company was held on Tuesday, April 4th, in London. Sir J. George Beharrel (chairman), who presided, referred to the absence of two directors: Sir Hardman Lever, who was heading a Mission to Australia in connection with National Defence, and Sir Alexander Gibb, who, though absent from illness, was making satisfactory progress. He went on to say (in part): You will remember that when I addressed you last year, I felt it necessary, in spite of the good showing of the year 1937, to sound a serious note of caution. I pointed out that though each month of the year had shown an improvement over the corresponding month of 1936, the rate of improvement had tended to decline, and that there had been quite a sharp fall in the last quarter. This tendency was reflected in a slowing down of our own business during the latter part of the year, and was accompanied by a general fall in commodity prices.

These conditions were before your Board when they came to consider at the end of September the results of the Company's trading during the first six months of the year. The general results showed a serious falling off when compared with the corresponding period of 1937. In these circumstances, the Board, when considering the terms of their usual half-yearly statement to the press, felt bound to strike a note of warning. In the second half a general and rapid improvement in the Company's results took place. The reversal of fortune was so complete and so sudden as to be quite unforeseeable.

The Board have therefore come to the conclusion that no more half-yearly statements should be issued, at any rate until world conditions once more return to normal.

THE ACCOUNTS

In the Accounts before you, the earnings and Balance Sheets of those Subsidiaries which are situated in countries whose economics are closely controlled, have not been consolidated, but their position is clearly separated. The total of the investments in and advances to Subsidiary and Associated Companies coming under this heading amounts to £1,358,000, which represents just over 4 per cent. of the total of the Consolidated Statement of Assets and Liabilities. The Dividends and Interest received from these investments and advances amounted to £80,000, representing a yield of just under 6 per cent.

The aggregate total profits of the whole Dunlop group of Companies in 1938 was £2,375,000, which was £129,000 less than the corresponding total in 1937. The total for 1937 of £2,504,000 was the highest for any of the past six years.

The net profit of the Dunlop Rubber Company for 1938 is £1,501,000 and, adding the balance of £591,000 brought forward from last year, the total available for appropriation amounts to £2,092,000.

The transfer to Taxation Reserve is £386,000, which represents a decrease of £110,000 compared with the preceding year. We have taken this opportunity to strengthen your Company's Taxation Reserve. This Reserve, it is estimated, fully covers the outstanding taxation liabilities for the fiscal year 1938–39. From the Consolidated Statement of Assets and Liabilities, it will be noted that the Taxation Reserves of the Dunlop group at December 31st last amounted to £1,269,000.

The sum of £99,000 has been transferred to the General Reserve, thus bringing the total of this Reserve up to £1,250,000. In addition, £175,000 has been transferred to the Reserve for Contingencies, bringing that Reserve up to £1,213,000.

After providing for the Preference Dividends, the Board is enabled to recommend a Dividend of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock and a Bonus of 1 per cent. and this, if approved, will be paid on April 15th.

The total of surplus and reserves has risen from £4,347,000 at December 31st, 1933, to £5,706,000 at December 31st, 1938, representing an increase in the five years of £1,359,000. The result of this ploughing back of the profits is reflected in the surplus of Current Assets over Current Liabilities of the Main Company. This surplus has risen from £3,193,000 at December 31st, 1933, to £4,603,000 at December 31st, 1938, representing an increase in the five years of £1,410,000. In this same period, the surplus of Current Assets over Current Liabilities of the whole Dunlop group of Companies has risen from £8,067,000 at December 31st, 1933, to £10,200,000 at December 31st, 1938, an increase of £2,133,000. In view of your Company's world-wide interests and the uncertainty of the outlook, it is indeed fortunate that it has been possible to strengthen so greatly its financial position.

DUNLOP PLANTATIONS

Chiefly owing to the lower average selling price of rubber during the year, the results of the Plantations showed a substantial decline, the decrease in net profit for the year being £320,000. The dividend on the Preference Shares had to be paid by the Dunlop Rubber Company.

The Board of the Plantations Company, after very full consideration, has decided that the interests of the Company will be best served by transferring the administration and control of the Estates to Malaya where the properties are situated. A new Company has, therefore been registered in Malaya with the name of Dunlop Malayan Estates Limited, to which Dunlop Plantations Ltd. is transferring its undertaking in return for Ordinary Shares in the Company. The guarantee by the Dunlop Rubber Company of the dividends and capital of the Preference Shares of Dunlop Plantations Ltd. remains unaffected.

The greater part of the crop of the Plantations Company continues to be sold in the form of latex, and the future of the business depends entirely on the price of the commodity and the permitted output.

HOME COMPANIES AND DIVISIONS

The Dunlop Cotton Mills suffered a considerable drop in production during the first part of the year, but the position improved later, and the twelve months' profits showed a small increase on those for 1937.

Turning to our Tyre Division. In replacement business the year proved a satisfactory one, and the faith in our new Fort Tyre, "The Tyre with Teeth," which I expressed to you last April, has been fully justified. Indeed, the unique principle embodied in this tyre has proved so successful that we are extending its use.

For some time we have felt that our Depot at Albany Street, Regent's Park, was not worthy of our Company. We are therefore remodelling it.

Our original equipment business, both for passenger and commercial vehicles was, as I have indicated, unfavourably affected during the first half of 1938, but with the recovery in motor vehicle manufacturing during the latter months of the year, our sales to manufacturers naturally improved. There was a marked falling off in the manufacture both of cycles and motor-cycles during the year, and this affected our sales of tyres to manufacturers. The expansion of the re-armament programme resulted in increased demands for our aeroplane equipment.

Our sales of rubber wings for motor vehicles which are, you will remember, a comparatively recent development, continue to increase. Sales of Dunlopillo upholstery were well maintained and we are encouraged by the increased usage of the material in motor car manufacture. In bedding and furnishing upholstery its position is firmly established and we are developing new uses. Our Rim and Wheel Companies had a successful year and their prospects are good. Before passing to our Rubber Products Group I would like to remind you that the Land Speed Record was in 1938 broken three times in three weeks on Dunlop tyres and wheels. First by Captain Eyston with a speed of 345.49 miles an hour. Then by Mr. John Cobb with 350.21 miles, and then again by Captain Eyston with 357.5 miles.

The Rubber Products Group again made a satisfactory showing in 1938. The General Rubber Goods Division was assisted by orders for the re-armament and A.R.P. programmes. The Footwear Division again experienced severe competition from Hong Kong with its very low labour cost. The Garment Division showed satisfactory results. The Sports Division maintains its position.

The chairman went on to refer to the overseas companies and divisions of which, he said, the French had made a small advance on 1937, and the German had continued to make progress, but that the results of the American Company had been adversely affected. Business, he said, had declined in Canada. They had obtained payment of a substantial dividend from the Japanese Company in respect of 1937; the Australian Company had repeated the good results of the previous year; in Ireland trade had been poor; the South African Company continued to expand and the Indian Company reported an increase in net profits. The Export Sales Markets had deteriorated in 1938. He continued:

I can assure you that in all departments, both at factories and offices, in this country and abroad, the spirit of co-operation has continued to be excellent. In September of last year the Ministry of Labour made an Order applying the Trade Board Acts to the Rubber Manufacturing Industry. Let me say at once that your Board welcomed this decision of the Government. We have not been behindhand in providing for the protection of your employees and your property in the event of war.

PROSPECTS

If we look at the economic conditions alone, there is no doubt that trade in this country improved in the third and fourth quarters of last year, in fact, everything suggests that inventories have been brought down to reasonable levels and that the underlying economic condition is healthier than it was at this time in 1938. The improvement is to some extent due to armament expenditure. The total turnover of your Company on re-armament work has only amounted to a very small proportion of our business, but I am concerned about the possible effect on industry generally which would, of course, react on our business. It seems to me that we are confronted with a situation which makes great caution necessary. In all the circumstances, notwithstanding the good results of 1938 and the stability which the conservative policy of your Board has been able to give to your Company during recent years, your Board feels, that we must maintain that conservative policy.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.